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THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE AT OXFORD: DELIVERING THE ROMANES LECTURE IN THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In these days every feature is dowered with "character" and attributes formerly undreamt of. The shape of the chin, we are told, is "full of significance," and a double chin, one supposes, twice as full. The lobe of the ear, if we may trust to the lady novelist, is equally eloquent, though, unless one is on very intimate terms with the owner, it must be rather a delicate operation to investigate it. It is no wonder, then, that our limbs should be credited with psychological significance. The science of palmistry has of late had such a high time of it that the expression to "show your hand" should seem to be taken in the most literal sense, for when you have done that you have shown everything; though, if this be so, it is highly expedient for some of us, when under the observation of our fellow-creatures, to wear gloves. It has, doubtless, occurred to lovers of justice to inquire why nobody has had a word to say for our poor feet. These have hitherto been sadly neglected by science. What mention has been made of them has been generally depreciatory. To put one's foot into anything is a phrase associated with failure, and even the putting one's best foot foremost seems to suggest an inferiority of the other foot. But all this has now been amended by science, which has placed the limb upon its proper footing. When a woman owns a "firm, wide foot" it shows (as might, indeed, have been expected) a good understanding; she is almost always "strong-minded." When a man has a little foot he "is generally effeminate." If the toes are conspicuously turned out, it argues pride, and if turned in, absence of mind. The walk of the prudent is "measured and regular," which seems an undeserved compliment to the military. There is a walk of "happy love," but also of "gratified ambition." A mincing gait may typify "vanity," but one may venture to suggest that gout has in some cases a good deal to do with it. It seems, however, certain that the feet have "a distinct physiognomy," and that the absence of one of them, and much more of both, is almost as great a loss of character as of convenience.

An American periodical suggests the taxing of short stories, which, for so rich a country, seems a cruel thing to do; but perhaps the editor in question wishes to pay out his contributors: next to poets the writers of short stories are the most numerous of his enemies, and none of them will "take 'No' for an answer." Still, one should not lay our fiscal burdens upon the class least able to bear them; it is almost like the taking one nettle out of three from the store of the French peasant, as was done by his seigneur before the Revolution. Moreover, if taxation begins at the short story it is likely to go on to the long story, and I should hope no one would wish to see our novelists taxed: it would be a tax on light and air and knowledge, and the necessities of life—all denounced by political economists—in one. What I would very willingly see taxed, however, is the short or long story with a bad ending: to discourage them would be a benefit to mankind. There is hardly a device for making their fellow-creatures miserable which the wretches who write them have not tried, and one would like to give them "something to cry about" for themselves. The last, or nearly the last, good novel that has appeared is one cry of misery throughout the first two volumes; but, conscious how he is "melting the waxen hearts of men," the author assures us that all shall be made right in the end, if we will only read on. The book ends, however, in everybody's ruin and the lifelong punishment of an innocent man. In his study the author may call this storytelling, but "it is called by a much coarser name out of doors."

The number of persons in the Metropolis who "cannot dig" is probably considerable; the number of those who "to beg are not ashamed" is, on the contrary, enormous. A good many, it must be admitted, beg by proxy, for more or less charitable objects, from the repairing of a church chancel to a hospital for cats, and one is sorry to say these are not the least unreasonable in their demands. A request that is very familiar to the popular writer is for the gift of "a few of your excellent books for our public library." This application, it is obvious, should be made to the writer who is *not* popular, and has a good many volumes on hand which he cannot get rid of. To ask for what finds a ready sale, under pretence of its costing the donor nothing, is like saying, "We do not want your money, but only your cheque." In these days, when begging has become a fine art, it is a reflection on one's intelligence and their own that people should propose such things, and it makes one wonder whether begging, which is so unwelcome an office to most persons, may not be positively agreeable to others. That this is sometimes the case seems certain from a recent mendicity case in Camberwell. The person in question was, indeed, soliciting a little assistance on his own account, but, as he did not want it, it is fair to suppose that he combined pleasure with profit. It turned out on investigation that he had "two freehold houses of his own," besides "a comfortable house, well furnished, and provided with a piano" for his daughters, who were "always dressed like ladies." Yet this gentleman's habit was to sit upon the pavement "with a most wretched air," and when people went by who looked

remunerative to "wriggle about as if in pain." If this occupation was pursued in the evening, it may have been merely supplemental; he may in the daytime have "transacted business in the City," or followed one of the learned professions: in that case his begging was, perhaps, one of those remunerative callings which "can be carried on out of working hours," and the secret of which is revealed (as per advertisement) "on the receipt of thirteen stamps." But, at all events, it is clear he liked it, and if it be true that he is above all men to be envied who is devoted to his profession, he must be a happy beggar.

We sometimes find persons in the upper circles of society complaining of the dead level of their lives. "It is the same thing," they say, "over and over again," only duller with each repetition. As for domestic life (though some of them can hardly be said to have given this a fair trial), there is no sort of excitement to be got out of it. Even a quarrel seldom involves more than shutting the drawing-room door with a bang and "saying things" as they go upstairs. In Bethnal Green matters seem to be much more lively. A lady who had received a cut on the head from a female friend, which had left her, as she asserted, "in gores of blood," thus narrates her experience of a friendly call in that neighbourhood. The callers appear to have been on familiar terms with their host and hostess, for they came up into their bed-room, where one of them, in course of conversation, made some allegations about the lady's fidelity to her husband which could scarcely have been welcome to him. About this matter, however, society appears to be quite as tolerant in Bethnal Green as in the very highest circles, for he only replied, "What the eye don't see the heart don't agree with." Though the expression is involved, it is obvious that he meant its contrary: "Anything that happens not under my personal observation is not worth speaking about." Charity and good-nature could hardly further go, but what the visitors were in want of was the excitement of a quarrel. In this object they succeeded, for "it began with throwing plates, a file, and a fire-shovel," and culminated in the host "going for" them with a pickaxe. This is certainly much better fun (for the victors) than yawning over five-o'clock teas or listening to dissertations upon Ibsen. And, though the excitement does not last quite so long, "the subsequent proceedings" before the magistrate are just as interesting to the parties concerned as those in the Divorce Court.

It is a subject of common complaint that there are not enough occupations for women, especially of the genteeler sort; but they are getting more numerous, and extending in quite unlooked-for directions. In the advertisement columns of the *Daily Graphic* I see that "pet dogs are exercised by ladies for one hour daily." This seems a pleasant profession enough, pursued in the open air, and not too oppressive in the way of brain-work. The most beautiful of her sex, too, can follow it in safety, protected (like Una by her lion) by her four-footed friend. Another new calling for the fair sex is found in a popular branch of science. In a Devonshire paper, "two ladies, with means, good whist-players," advertise that they "will be pleased to know two gentlemen from thirty to fifty." This must surely be a misprint for "from three to five." That they should be in want of an afternoon rubber in Devonshire I can easily imagine—I have been in that position myself; but how can the gentlemen's ages have anything to do with it? It is possible, however, this may be a matrimonial advertisement—not so much a calling for the fair sex as to the other. If so, it is tempting indeed. The most contented and domestic man the world ever saw was once heard to say, "I have only one cause for unhappiness: I cannot teach my wife whist." I have often wished I were from thirty to fifty, but never, before I read this advertisement, that I lived in Devonshire.

In all our modern crusades, whether the evil to be abolished is the use of alcohol, card-playing, tobacco-smoking, coffee-drinking, or flesh-eating, there is considerable ignorance displayed by the crusaders, but in none so much as in the denunciation of Sunday papers. If the work they entail on the Sabbath is what is objected to, their opponents are utterly in the wrong. To hang the cat upon Monday for killing the mouse on Sunday is, from a puritanical point of view, perfectly right, but the Sunday paper is composed upon the Saturday, and the Monday paper, by necessity, on the Sunday. If so obvious a fact as this is overlooked, what knowledge, one may well ask, can be possessed by these enthusiasts upon the subject at all? It is possible that what these good folks really object to is the reading of a newspaper on Sunday. But, unless all other profane literature is kept under lock and key by the County Council or other paternal authority, this would be a very limited prohibition. That it is, however, the object which these well-meaning but, as I venture to think, mistaken persons had in view seems clear from the opposition they once made to the opening of piers at seaside resorts upon a Sunday. They said it would entail work upon persons who have a conscientious objection to it; but when the offer was made to employ Jews or other persons whose scruples could not be thus offended for the duties in question, they took no notice of the

suggestion. It seems to be more difficult for even the most excellent people to say what they mean than to know what they want.

Actius of Amida, a physician at the Byzantine Court in the sixth century, composed, the *Hospital* tells us, a medical work in sixteen books. This fecundity is rather unusual with the profession nowadays, but his prescriptions seem to be very much like the modern ones. It was necessary that the patient should have a good deal of faith. If a bone stuck in his throat the physician took him by it, saying: "Blasius, martyr and servant of the Lord, saith, Either come up or go down." And if the patient had a proper confidence it took one or other of those alternatives. "Another way" was to give him a piece of raw meat on a string, to be pulled up when he had swallowed it. This reminds one still more of modern practice. Though the bone was in the throat, the little difficulty it might present to the passage of the raw meat was ignored—just as port wine and generous diet are enjoined upon the curate with eight children, or a residence in the Riviera or at Davos on those whose circumstances do not admit of travel.

Honest men may have "sought out many inventions," but not such ingenious ones as pickpockets have done. In the false portmanteau they, perhaps, reached their zenith in this direction. It was a longish article, with no bottom, and only contained hooks and clasps. This was set down on any promising-looking piece of luggage on the railway platform, and literally "annexed" it—swallowed it up so that no trace was left of its existence. The owner might exclaim ever so passionately that his property could not have "gone without hands," but that was just what it had done. It had suddenly and unaccountably disappeared. Like everything we lose, its importance became at once exaggerated: "Never so near as when we part," says the poet (though the article was, in fact, much nearer than was imagined); and not without many expressions of sympathy and condolence did its new proprietor carry it off with him. In process of time the false portmanteau dodge became exploded; there was, indeed, one obvious objection to it, that if found in one's possession it required quite a first-rate fictionist to explain away its internal peculiarities; but it had its day. The ways of our light-fingered gentry are now quite as clever but less complicated. The last device is to have false pockets—that is to say, pockets with no bottoms to them. The artist steals the watch, or the purse, and holds it in his pocket; then, if suspected, or pursued, he drops the article, which escapes at his feet. One's own experience of a foreign body dropped into one's clothes is that it stops everywhere on its way out, and does not escape at all. If our collar-stud slips from our hold, for example, it appears to visit every portion of our person, and is only found, some days afterwards, in one's boot; but I suppose the pickpocket, subordinating fashion to utility, affects garments a size or two too large for him.

The popularity of a writer is rather a difficult thing to measure; it may, of course, be computed by his circulation—though to get at that is not always "as easy as lying." The last novel written by a Prime Minister was to be found in the house of everybody "who was anybody" on the day of its publication. Thousands of people talked about it, hundreds read it—but only a few from cover to cover. The man was popular, but not, in any intelligent sense, his works. The truest test of an author's popularity is, perhaps, the frequency with which he is quoted, though it must be admitted that some otherwise popular authors do not lend themselves to quotation. In fact, as regards prose writers, it requires a good memory to quote them at all, and, it may be added, a good listener to stand it. We resent even blank verse, unless it is Shakespeare's, and even that must be administered in very moderate doses. Dickens, indeed, permeates our language quite as much as our literature, because so much of his humour is conversational, but his case is quite exceptional. Poets, however, are generally more or less quotable. Scott was often upon the lips of the penultimate generation, and Byron even more so; but it is probable that at no time were they so much quoted as Tennyson has been and is. The politics of one and the morality (or the want of it) of the other limited the area of acceptance of both the former poets; nor could it be said that, like their great successor, they touched every mode of the lyre and were masters of all. Tennyson has appealed in turn to every class of his fellow-countrymen, except, perhaps, the sporting fraternity, who are not in the habit of quoting from the poets. The simplest and the most cultured alike find in his varied verse something to love and remember. Nothing was more remarkable on the day of his interment than the frequency with which his own words were used, even among persons who are not generally given to poetry. It was well said of another bard that he was the only writer who had become a "classic" in his lifetime; but a classic, though an enviable position enough, is not necessarily (like "The Bride of the Ball") "extremely quoted." Judged by this test, Tennyson was in his lifetime the most popular poet this country has ever possessed, and one need hardly say that his most quoted poem is "In Memoriam."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Mr. Arthur Chudleigh, one of the very few non-actor managers of London, has had a slice of luck with "The Guardsman." But, really, I do not see why I should call it luck more than good judgment. First of all, he goes to experienced writers for the stage and asks them to give him of their best. They have responded to the call, for in the line of observant farce neither Mr. George R. Sims nor Mr. Cecil Raleigh has done anything better than this. The plot is thoroughly amusing, the complications are ingenious, and the dialogue as smart as anyone could desire. "I can't possibly tell where your master can be," observes a testy gentleman; "I have been hunting for him everywhere in a hansom." "Ah, Sir," observed the servant, with a sigh, "Master was in a four-wheeler!" Over the destinies of a young officer in the Guards two opposing relatives keep watch and ward. One is a bachelor uncle; the other a match-making aunt. The uncle wants him to be a celibate; the aunt implores him to be a Benedick. The bone of contention is a charming American heiress, whose interests the aunt has at heart. Meanwhile the Guardsman has met the American heiress in the "Underground," and swears to her eternal fidelity, not knowing who on earth she may be. Naturally, therefore, he runs away from his aunt's protégée, not knowing she is the very girl in all the world he desires to wed. On this capital scaffolding is built a very admirable farce, and like gloves the actors and actresses are fitted to their parts. What could be better than Arthur Cecil's hypochondriacal judge, who does not exactly practise in life the doctrines he has constantly preached from the bench? This is, of course, the bachelor uncle. What better choice for the delightful aunt could have been secured than Caroline Hill, just returned from America, younger than ever, and with a ripened comedy style delightful to behold? The hero and the heroine are fairly matched: one is clever Mr. W. Elliot, the other pretty Miss Ellaline Terriss. But one of the subordinate characters is as well acted as anything else in the play. This is, of course, the inimitable horsey snob by Mr. Weedon Grossmith. Grave, commonplace, imperturbable, this is a unique specimen of the modern young man in an age opposed to sentiment. He is a Philistine of the Philistines, and Mr. Grossmith has hit him off to a coat-button. A direct contrast to the irritable lordling in the "Pantomime Rehearsal" in point of art, this new character is quite as good. Then there are other sketches of modern manner far above the average—the fractious military man of Mr. C. P. Little, the enthusiastic lover of Mr. Wilfred Draycott, the artful modiste of Miss Agnes Thomas, who plays such an important part in the game of hide-and-seek. Mr. Arthur Chudleigh has got a success and no mistake, and, though the judicious may grieve and turn up the whites of their artistic eyes, why should we not all enjoy a good laugh?

Miss Estelle Burney, at the Garrick, appears to be undecided in her movements. A new play by a clever lady novelist, Mrs. Vere Campbell, was recently placed in rehearsal, but it was thought advisable to postpone it for a little. This is somewhat disappointing, for a new dramatist would have been made very welcome had all gone well with the promised play. So now Miss Burney will have a try at one of the dramatic studies to which she devoted her talent under Got of the Comédie Française, her first instructor. Everyone admires pluck in a young artist.

Mr. George Alexander returns to his restored and redecored home at St. James's next week with a harvest of new plays. So popular is Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan" that they will not be wanted yet awhile, but when they are Mr. Claude Carton will come first with "Liberty Hall," and in all probability Mr. A. W. Pinero, his old friend, will follow after with "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," a work of serious interest this time. So far so good.

The earnest and enthusiastic members of the Independent Theatre Society have given a very interesting and complete performance of old Webster's fine tragedy, "The Duchess of Malfi." This glorious play, so far as literature is concerned, has been approached in a very reverential spirit, and it was put on the stage with extreme care; and, on the whole, this most difficult work was very creditably acted by the young people engaged. The Duchess of Miss Mary Rorke, though uninspired, was a pathetic and poetically graceful performance, and the waiting-maid of Miss Hall Caine remarkably good and replete with tenderness. But head and shoulders above all the rest was the Bosola of Mr. Murray Carson. He was like a bit of old Sadler's Wells, and it is a pity that one who has such a fine stage face, such a rich and ringing voice, and such an admirable elocutionary method should have been born in an age that discards not only tragedy but the whole range of the poetic drama. Mr. Murray Carson is too good to be wasted on plays of modern life. He is of the romantic school, and I doubt not that Henry Irving will look after him and enlist him under the Lyceum banner. No one could have watched the death scene of the Duchess without admiring this most admirable performance—as good a thing of the kind as I have seen from any young actor for a very considerable period. And oh! what a treat to the tortured ear to hear good poetry declaimed like this, without a trace of bombast in it, but with just emphasis, nice balance and true feeling! It was a musical as well as a dramatic treat.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE MRS. HARRISON.

"I am proud to be the wife of Benjamin Harrison the lawyer, but I shall be prouder still to be called the wife of Harrison the soldier. Don't worry about me, I can take care of myself and the children." It was by these words that the woman who has just died at the White House at Washington gave—thirty years ago—that precise impetus to her husband's fortunes which has made him the President of the United States and made her the first lady of the land in a nation of sixty-five millions of people.

Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, who died on Oct. 25, of pulmonary tuberculosis, amid universal sorrow and regret, was born in Oxford, Ohio, in June 1834, and had therefore completed her fifty-eighth year. Her father, Dr. Scott, was President of the Oxford Female College. She met Benjamin Harrison, a student, when she was only sixteen years old, and before her seventeenth birthday she became his affianced wife. A little later they were married, and went to live in Indianapolis, Harrison and his girl wife driving across the State of Indiana in an old farm-wagon. It was the breaking out of the Civil War in 1861 which gave the young lawyer his "chance." He went to the front, and was three times promoted for signal bravery in action, making a record which more than any other circumstance led to his nomination for Senator, and later his election to the Presidency.

But probably the greatest service rendered General Harrison by his wife (says a writer in the *Times*) was during the period when he acted as a United States Senator. In 1881, when Harrison entered the Senate, it was largely composed of millionaires. These rich men had set the fashion of



Photo by Mr. C. Parker, Washington.

THE LATE MRS. HARRISON,
WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

lavish hospitality, and each vied with his colleague in the extravagance of his home life. It was a trying position for the new Senator. But once more his wife stood firm, and modest apartments in one of the hotels were chosen in place of a large house. For a time the "aristocracy of money" cut the Harrisons, but soon the atmosphere of culture which distinguished the Harrison apartments drew the best class of people in Washington to the Riggs House, and before his term of office was half over the clique which had snubbed the Indiana Senator and his brilliant wife were making every effort to obtain admittance to their delightful circle. And when the turning of the wheel of fortune brought Mr. Harrison to the White House the woman who had so bravely shared the early days of trial and privation took up without an effort the heavy duties which have come to be the portion of the first lady of the land. Wide in her culture, catholic in her tastes and ideas, she broadened her wide circle of friends with advancing years, and her death will cause genuine and widespread sorrow.

President Harrison has received telegrams of condolence from all parts of the world, including a sympathetic message from the Queen.

MR. GLADSTONE AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

The wonderful mental activity of the Liberal Premier in his eighty-third year—the facility with which he examines and discusses the most various topics of intellectual interest, drawing for their illustration upon stores of learning acquired in the intervals of political business and supplementing the distinguished scholarship of his early life—can never fail to be admired. In the Sheldonian Theatre of Oxford University, on Monday, Oct. 24, Mr. Gladstone, attired in the robes of a Doctor of Civil Law, delivered the first Romanes lecture to an audience composed of all the members of the academical community who could possibly get seats or standing-room, under the presidency of the Vice-Chancellor, the Principal of Hertford College. The topic which he had chosen was an historical review of University life, its idea, its functions, and its results, from the Middle Ages to the present day; but Oxford was naturally predominant in the mind of the "old man eloquent," who won his double first-class honours there

sixty years ago, and who from 1847 to 1863 represented this University in the House of Commons. Beginning, however, by setting aside the unhistorical traditions of the foundation of the University of Paris by Charlemagne and that of Oxford by King Alfred, he touched upon the most ancient establishments, the medical school of Salerno, in the ninth century, the law school of Bologna in the twelfth, and, from the twelfth to the fourteenth, the eminence of Paris, as "the great mart of teaching and learning, but especially of theological learning." Oxford also was a University before the end of the twelfth century, and Cambridge a few years later. Proceeding to the seventeenth century, he noticed the Cambridge school of religious philosophers, such as Whichcote, Cudworth, Smith, and Henry More; he mentioned the names of Bacon, Milton, and Newton, and the widespread influence of Locke. The eighteenth century, he remarked, was not a brilliant time for either University; the studies of medicine and of law had gone elsewhere; the clerical element was too much engaged in political partisanship, Jacobite and Hanoverian or Whig and Tory, in allusion to which Mr. Gladstone quoted some well-known satirical verses. He bestowed, however, a special eulogy on Bishop Butler. Coming down to our own times, he enumerated several modern statesmen connected with Oxford, but in his general retrospect of the history of this University seemed to think more of the Churchmen: Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop Laud, of whom he spoke in high terms, John Wesley, and the late Cardinal Newman. In conclusion, he said that the central idea of an ancient English University was essentially Christian. The right hon. gentleman, on leaving the theatre, was loudly cheered.

THE WIRRAL RAILWAY.

The ceremony of cutting the first turf of the short line of railway across the Wirral peninsula, in Cheshire, between the estuaries of the Mersey and the Dee, was performed by Mr. Gladstone on Friday, Oct. 21, in the presence of a large assembly, on the golf-ground near the new Hawarden Bridge over the Dee, at Connah's Quay, constructed for the Chester and Hawarden Railway. The line to connect that railway and the whole railway system of North and South Wales with the town of Birkenhead will be fourteen miles in length; it will have immediate communication with Liverpool, close at hand, by the Mersey Tunnel. It will be constructed by the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, of which Sir Edward Watkin is chairman. Another line is being constructed from Chester and Wrexham to Ellesmere Port, on the Mersey. These lines will bring all the manufacturing districts and ports of South Lancashire into direct connection with the different Welsh railways, extending southward to Merthyr Tydvil, Newport, Swansea, Neath, Cardiff, and the Bristol Channel, united for joint traffic arrangements under an Act of Parliament in 1889, the commercial results of which, especially with regard to the carriage of coal, iron, stone, slate, bricks, and tiles, and other Welsh products to Lancashire and adjoining counties are likely to be very important. It is expected, also, that there will be a large increase of holiday passenger traffic from those populous counties, with their great towns, to the romantic mountain region and seacoast of North Wales. The travelling distance from Liverpool to Connah's Quay, near Hawarden, will at once be shortened from over thirty-five miles to fifteen miles. Mr. Gladstone, in his speech on this occasion, as a native of Liverpool, dwelt much on his early recollections of the difficulty which then existed in getting to North Wales, and of his first visit to Bangor and Carnarvon, since which time the favourite seaside resorts of Rhyl, Llandudno, Penmaenmawr, Beaumaris, Colwyn Bay, and others have come into existence. He expressed a hope that the London and North-Western Railway Company, with its line to Holyhead, would ultimately be persuaded to grant accommodation to traffic from Liverpool and Birkenhead over the Wirral line, going on in that direction.

The proceedings were attended by Sir Edwin Watkin and Lady Ingram Watkin, by several directors of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, and by its staff of principal officials, by those of the Welsh railways, by the Chairman of the Mersey Docks Board, by the Mayors of Chester, Birkenhead, Manchester, and Wrexham, by the Lord-Lieutenant of Merionethshire, many county gentry, engineers and contractors, merchants, coalowners, and shipowners, with a good number of ladies. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, with their whole family, came from Hawarden, and were received by Sir E. Watkin. The right hon. gentleman performed the ceremonial act with a silver-mounted spade and ornamented wheelbarrow bearing a memorial inscription. The company, to the number of 260, were entertained at luncheon in a pavilion, outside of which was a rostrum or tribune from which Mr. Gladstone had previously addressed the general assembly. To Mr. Fox, the engineer, Mr. R. H. Brown, superintendent, and Mr. Pollitt, traffic manager of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, much praise was given for their successful arrangements on this occasion.

THE ANGLO-PORTUGUESE BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

The work of examining, by a joint Commission, under the recent treaty concluded at Lisbon, the boundary line to separate the Portuguese dominions inland from Beira, at the mouth of the river Pungwe, in South-East Africa, from the Mashonaland territory of the British South Africa Company was briefly explained in a former notice. Two additional sketches of the country traversed by the members of this expedition, for the most part along a mere track with tall grass concealing the distant view, and of the huts in which they lodge at every night's halt on the journey, are furnished by one of the officers, who is our correspondent. The chief of the party is the Commissioner, Major Julian John Leveson, of the Royal Engineers, late Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General, and previously Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General at the Horse Guards, who served in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, was attached to the Afghan Boundary Commission and to the Turco-Greek Frontier Commission, and was a Commissioner on Land Claims in British Bechuanaland seven years ago.

THE SOUDAN UNVEILED.

Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp, 1882-1892. From the original manuscripts of Father Joseph Ohrwalder. By Major F. R. Wingate, R.A. (London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.)—I was in Cairo when Father Ohrwalder escaped from the Soudan, and I well remember the thrill that ran round the smoking-room as an officer of police told us the fact one night after dinner. And more than a month afterwards I found people in Korosko still looking eagerly along the desert path to Abu Hamed and Khartoum, from which Gordon had seen the last traces of civilisation for ever and Father Ohrwalder the first for ten years; and even while I was there another corner of the veil was lifted by an Arab merchant who arrived with monkeys and skins and weapons from Khartoum, some of which hang now within reach of my hand. But the thick veil still hung practically undisturbed between the Soudan and the rest of the world. Behind this veil many a brave man had gone, never to return, and many another had tried to lift it in vain—Gordon last of all. Since 1885 no white man had come back; but Father Ohrwalder, after ten years spent literally "in the shadow of the sword," lets at last a flood of light upon the "black Soudan." I envy the clairvoyance of those critics who find little that is new in these awful pages.

Whatever view one may take of the usefulness of missionary enterprise in such places and the propriety of purchasing slaves in order to convert them to Christianity, it is impossible not to experience the most profound admiration for the courage and devotion of Father Ohrwalder and his comrades, men and women alike. They went forth full of hope; they were charmed with their new surroundings for a month or two; then the coming storm began to rumble around them, and, almost before they had time to understand anything of their dangers, they were plunged into the most miserable and degrading captivity that can be imagined. For years the tide of rescue seemed from time to time to be surging towards them, always to ebb again. A hundred times they have been at the point of death and worse; once their necks were actually bowed to the headsman's knife; disease and starvation were their daily lot, and every hope of escape from suffering on this side of the grave was abandoned. "To us who longed for it," says Father Ohrwalder, with a striking unconscious translation of "*Ah, che la morte*," "death would never come." Yet when at last a messenger arrived from the north with instructions to bring away Father Bonomi with him, and not a word about the rest (it was thought they were confined elsewhere), these splendid priest and sisters accepted their fate, now to be doubly hard, without a murmur, and loyally risked torture in order to secure their Superior's escape. In a German paper that reached the Mahdi Father Ohrwalder read an account of his own death, which seemed to seal him for ever from hope of rescue and even of remembrance as a living man. The worst disappointment of all was when the message from the advancing Hicks reached them. "We kissed that dirty bit of paper"; but Hicks and all with him knew that they were doomed men almost from the start, and the Mahdi knew it, too, long before he decided to put them to the sword. Every newspaper reader will remember O'Donovan's confident statement in his last letter to the *Daily News* that soon he would be lying on that never-ending sand with a spear-head as big as a shovel through him, and it fell to Father Ohrwalder to receive his macintosh and wipe his blood off it. I do not remember that anybody in particular has been blamed for the despatch of Hicks with his horde of ours, many of whom had actually been taken prisoners and sent back again to fight on the other side, to absolutely certain destruction, but it should be a hanging matter for somebody. Once only does Father Ohrwalder fall into anger with his captors. When Khartoum was taken, many young women cut off their hair and assumed men's clothes to escape the dervishes, but to curry favour with the Mahdi a number of the well-known townsmen sought them out and betrayed them. "May God's curse fall on those wicked traitors!" says this good priest, and "Amen" rises easily to one's lips.

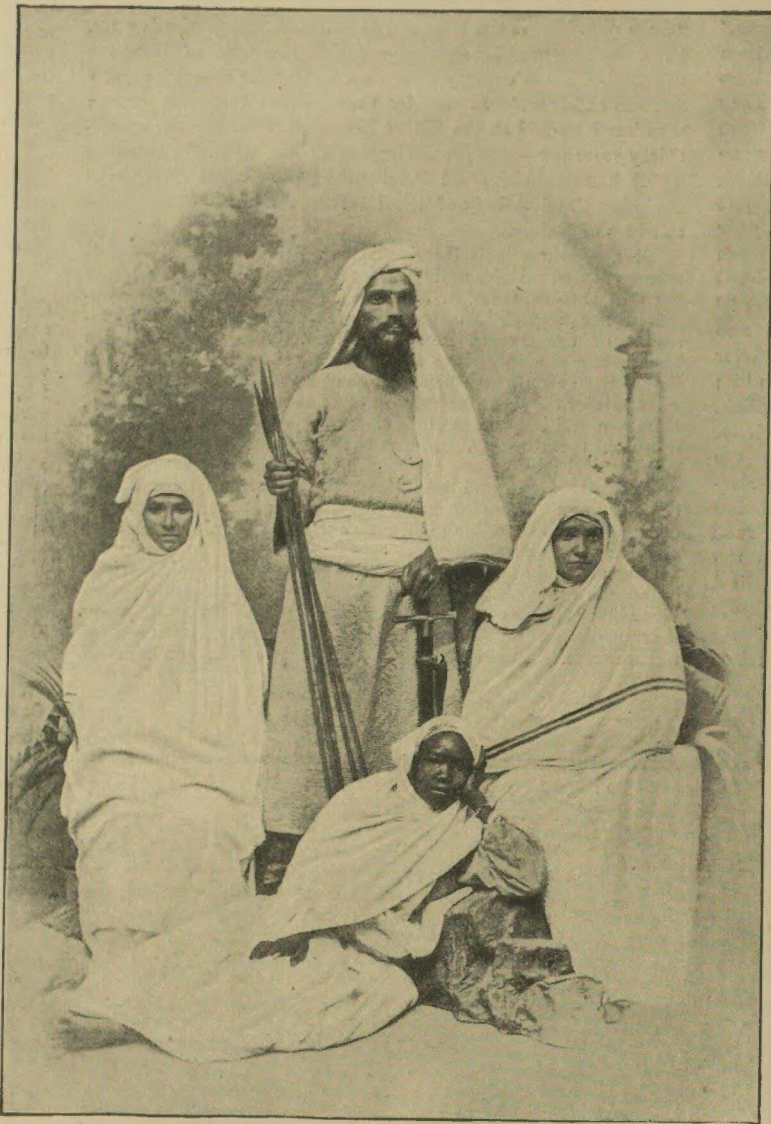


Photo by Stromejer and Heyman, Cairo.

FATHER OHRWALDER, AND THE SISTERS CATARINA CHINCARINI AND ELISABETTA VENTURINI, WITH THE SLAVE-GIRL ADILA.

In the original Mahdi's favour it is to be said that he was himself a humane man at heart, and many a time he interfered to save the lives of captives; but cruelty is too much of an innate Arab characteristic for the leader's clemency to make much impression on his countless followers. And accordingly the scenes at the fall of El Obeid and Khartoum make one's blood run cold. They can hardly be quoted here, and anyone who cares to hear of a worse Inferno than was ever imagined has only to procure this book. Then he will be able to conjecture what the slave trade really is. Of Gordon, Father Ohrwalder speaks with more frankness than it is possible for an Englishman yet to do. The mouths of men who could tell of Gordon are sealed here, because the British public loves his virtues so much that it will not bear to be told of his failings. In China and in Egypt one hears much about Gordon that is not imagined in London. "It was not Gordon's individual presence," says Father Ohrwalder, "that so inspired the people." They believed him to be the forerunner of an English army. "Had they not been certain that an English expedition was coming, not a soul would have remained in Khartoum, and I have no hesitation in saying that had the Egyptian Government not sent Gordon, then undoubtedly

the evacuation originally ordered could have been carried out." The Mahdi seems to have been puzzled at Gordon's arrival, for it never entered his head that he would come alone; had the Mahdi not expected that British troops were behind him, he would never have had a moment's uneasiness on Gordon's account. In the light of history, which may now be said to be complete on this point, the despatch of Gordon was a blunder too great to characterise, and therefore all the wasted blood and treasure of the Relief Expedition was the fearful price paid for it. Even if Gordon had only been a man who knew his own mind for a few hours at a time, the ultimate results might not have been so dreadful. I remember a very high-placed official in Egypt saying to me, "At first I used to try to accede to the multitudinous requests Gordon made by telegraph, at the rate of half a dozen a day; but after a while I gave it up, because I had learned that a message that came in the morning was quite certain to be contradicted by one which came in the afternoon." All this, however, is in the past. Gordon was a man of heroic courage, and he faced the penalty of his mistakes as a brave man does.

In Father Ohrwalder's narrative we may be said to have the truth about the Soudan of to-day, with all the light that this throws upon the future. The Mahdi, whose vices carried him off at last, was succeeded by the Khalifa Abdullah, a cruel, bloodthirsty tyrant. The heads of all the chief enemies of Mahdism have been thrown into the pit of "unbelievers" long ago, but, unless the male population were to be quite exterminated, the Soudan will remain full of his undeclared opponents. Power is already divided between himself and a powerful rival, and the spell of fanaticism was broken once for all when the Mahdi proved himself an impostor by dying. It is Abdullah's desire, says Father Ohrwalder, to establish an empire for himself and his family by the aid of the formerly despised Baggaras, upon what ruins of the once prosperous Soudan are left. By everyone except his Baggaras Abdullah is fiercely hated, and with a remote chance of success the whole remaining Soudan would rise against him. Every year will see this remnant decreased, for "once he is sure of what he has got, he will try to enlarge his dominion. Barbarism and desolation will be extended to provinces which internal difficulties have hitherto prevented him from absorbing." And the wild beasts which have taken the place of whole tribes are helping him, "spreading and increasing in fierceness and numbers, until they bid fair to finish the destruction of the human race." Father Ohrwalder appeals to Europe, in whose humanity he declares the Soudan to have lost faith, since it has seen the "Consuls of the greatest nations murdered, their flags torn down, and their agents kept in slavery." But there is a nation more interested in the future of the Soudan than that vague and invertebrate puissance called "Europe," and that is Egypt itself. It ought to be as certain as anything can be that we shall one day leave Egypt to itself, but we are pledged not to do so until it is able to stand alone. This, I maintain (it must be confessed, to dull ears) will never be the case until some settlement is arrived at for the Soudan. And anyone who holds this view will find himself very strongly confirmed by Father Ohrwalder's book. "Often have I heard the Khalifa say, 'If the English would only evacuate Egypt, I should very soon take possession of it.'" HENRY NORMAN.



ARAB GUIDES WHO EFFECTED THE ESCAPE OF FATHER OHRWALDER AND THE SISTERS.



A DERVISH EMIR, PRESENT AT THE ATTACK ON KHARTOUM.



PRINCESS LOUISE PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS AT EDINBURGH CASTLE.

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, accompanied by her husband, on Tuesday, Oct. 18, performed the ceremony of reopening the ancient "Parliament Hall" in Edinburgh Castle, and afterwards presented new colours, on the Castle Esplanade, to the 1st Battalion of the (Princess Louise) Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. The Princess and the Marquis of Lorne, who had been staying a few days in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh with Lady Emma McNeill, were received by a large invited company, among whom were the Lord Provosts of Edinburgh and Glasgow, the bailies and magistrates, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, Mrs. William Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson, General Lyttelton Annesley, with his staff officers, and M. Hippolyte Blanc. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders formed a guard of honour on the esplanade, and a salute was fired by the guns of the Half-Moon Battery. Mrs. William Nelson, widow of the donor of the fund for restoring the hall, read a

brief address, and handed to the Princess a silver key in an oaken casket. The reply of her Royal Highness was read by the Marquis of Lorne. General Lyttelton Annesley, for himself and his successors in command at Edinburgh Castle, accepted the future custody of the hall, which has been decorated with a collection of ancient arms and armour under his superintendence.

After a luncheon given by Lieutenant-Colonel Chater and the officers of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the regiment paraded in full uniform, with kilt and feather bonnet, on the Esplanade, with music of the band and pipers. A royal stand had been erected for the Princess and her party. The "trooping" of the old colours, held by Second-Lieutenant Kirk and Second-Lieutenant Dundas, having been executed with due ceremony as they were carried along the line, the regiment next formed three sides of a square, in the centre of which was raised a pile of drums, with the two new

colours resting against it, one in charge of Major Hannay and Lieutenant Thorburn, the other in that of Captain Fowler and Lieutenant Williams, by whom they were uncased and unfolded. After the singing of a hymn and the reading of Scripture and prayer by the Rev. G. Kirkwood, chaplain of the regiment, the Rev. Dr. MacGregor delivered a cordial address. Her Royal Highness, with General Lyttelton Annesley and two staff officers, came forward and spoke briefly and earnestly to the regiment, saying that she was proud of its bearing her name, and that in presenting these colours she felt sure of their good service to their Queen and country. She then handed the Queen's colour to Lieutenant Thorburn and the regimental colour to Lieutenant Williams; they received them kneeling. Colonel Chater, in a short speech, thanked the Princess and the Marquis of Lorne. The regiment marched past with the colours, gave a royal salute, and finally, with uncovered heads, three hearty cheers.

PERSONAL.

The Colonies we have always with us. Just now South Africa and British North America are bringing their affairs specially before the British people through Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the Cape Premier, and Sir John Abbott and Mr. Foster, two of Canada's Cabinet Ministers. Mr. Rhodes is discreet, and will say little that we did not know before about the difficulties which beset South African politics just now. Should the arts of diplomacy not accomplish the real purpose of his mission to England, we may expect a few of those blunt home truths the command of which explains in a measure his hold upon the public opinion of the Empire. Canadian Ministers have told us that their mission is simplicity itself. They want no money—happy colony!—but they do want a greater share of Britain's purchases from abroad of articles of consumption, and they hope to replace in England the market found in the United States in pre-M'Kinley days. They also want more direct diplomatic representation in countries such as the United States, where Canada has direct commercial and political relations.

Sir John Abbott and Mr. Foster are both native Canadians; indeed, their personal association with the motherland is much more remote than is the case with most Canadian public men. But they still cling to the British connection and to the British institutions which that connection has given to their native land. It is true that the Premier once signed a manifesto favouring annexation to the United States, but that was before he had reached what John Morley deems to be man's climacteric, and when indignation at the defeat of the "No pay to rebels" cry was more present to his mind than a real desire for union with the Republic. Sir John has fought for Britain in the ranks since those days, and he aided not a little in the negotiations which led to the building of the highway which the Empire now has through Canada to the East. Mr. Foster comes to England with a four-years experience as a Finance Minister, and he had the good fortune, as his latest achievement, to give the Canadian people a practically free breakfast-table. He looks for great things in the development of Anglo-Canadian trade, though he cannot hold out any hope of stimulating it by the adoption of Free Trade.

On Monday, Oct. 24, at the commencement of the Michaelmas Term sittings of the High Court of Justice, in the Lord



MR. JUSTICE DENMAN.

Chief Justice's Court, Mr. Justice Denman, attired in a plain Court dress of black velvet, bade farewell to the Bench and the Bar. The Attorney-General, Sir Charles Russell, on behalf of the Bar, addressed the retiring judge, expressing their high esteem and their cordial friendship. Mr. Denman replied heartily,

thanking them, and speaking with generous warmth of his brethren on the Bench, past and present, but also bearing testimony to the merits of the barristers, solicitors, clerks, and officers of the Courts. The Hon. George Denman, fourth son of the first Lord Denman, was born in 1819, was educated at Oxford, practised with much success at the Bar, and was M.P. for Tiverton, with a few months' interval, from 1859 to 1872. He preferred, as the son of a peer, not to be knighted, as is usual, on his appointment to be a judge, which office he has held twenty years with great public approbation, and which he has now resigned for the sake of repose most fairly earned.

In Lady Revelstoke, who died last week, at her husband's lordly modern mansion, Membrand, near the estuary of the lovely Yealm, the poor of the district have been deprived of a veritable "Lady Bountiful," whose interest in the homes and industries of her more humble neighbours was always of the keenest and kindest description. A daughter of the late John Crocker Bulteel of Flete, Lady Revelstoke was a member of an honoured and ancient Devonshire family, and a descendant of the Crockers of whom the old West-country couplet says that the Norman Conquest found them already "at home." On the maternal side Lady Revelstoke was a granddaughter of the second Earl Grey, her sister is the wife of Sir Henry Ponsonby, the Queen's private secretary, and she was sister-in-law to Lady Suffolk. One of her daughters is married to Lord Castlerosse, the son and heir of the Earl of Kenmare, and another to the Hon. C. R. Spencer, brother of Lord Spencer. Her ladyship, who was only fifty-six, had been ill for some time.

Mr. Albert Spicer, M.P. for the Monmouth Burghs, who will succeed Mr. Evans as Chairman of the Congregational Union, is a member of an old Nonconformist family. Mr. Spicer, who is about five-and-forty, was educated first at Mill Hill, where so many eminent Nonconformists have received their early training. He afterwards matriculated in London, and completed his education at Heidelberg University. Notwithstanding the energy and time Mr. Spicer has expended in building up the great paper-manufacturing industry in which he and his elder brother are partners, he has done much in the way of political and religious work. In 1874 he was made treasurer of the London Union, and a year later became a director of the London Missionary Society, of which he acted as chairman from 1882 to 1885. It was during that period that Mr. Spicer made a tour of the society's Indian mission stations, which, with a visit, a year or two later, with Dr. Dale, to Australia, has given him a considerable knowledge of colonial affairs. His first Parliamentary candidature, for Walthamstow, was unsuccessful, but at the late election he was returned with a considerable majority for the Monmouth Burghs.

The curious transference of newspaper interests which has occurred in the case of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has had an interesting sequel. Mr. E. T. Cook, the late editor, has signed an agreement with Mr. Newnes, M.P., the proprietor of *Tit-Bits* and the *Strand Magazine*, as editor of a new daily journal, to be conducted on the same lines as the old *Pall Mall*. Mr. J. A. Spender, Mr. W. Hill, and other members of the old literary staff of the *Pall Mall* have also, it is under-

stood, transferred their services. The new paper will probably be brought out immediately.

The three-score years and ten which has been assigned as the limit of human life does not, apparently, apply to news-

MR. ARTHUR W. A'BECKETT,
Editor of the "Sunday Times."

paper existence, if we may judge by the *Sunday Times*, which completed its seventieth year on Oct. 23, and certainly shows no signs of the weakness or infirmity of old age. Our excellent contemporary celebrates the occasion by publishing a facsimile of its first number, together with an interesting account of its origin and career. The writer of the article claims for the *Sunday Times* to have taken the lead in illustrated journalism, "considerably antedating even the *Illustrated London News*." There is, however, another Sunday paper still in existence which is much older than the *Sunday Times*, and which was the true pioneer of the illustrated journalism of to-day. This is the *Observer*, which was a hundred years old last December. It began to illustrate news as far back as 1815, when Napoleon was sent to St. Helena; and its illustrations of the Cato Street conspiracy, the trial of Queen Caroline, and the coronation of George IV. were all antecedent to the birth of the *Sunday Times*.

A few years before the *Illustrated London News* was started there was a little group of papers which may be regarded as the *avant-couriers* of pictorial journalism. The only survivors of this enterprising band are the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*—a fact to be noted by the future historian of Sunday journalism. Mr. Arthur W. A'Beckett, the son of one of our own valued contributors, is the editor of the *Sunday Times*, a post which he combines with a seat at the famous table of "Mr. Punch"; and we wish to him and to the journal which he conducts so ably all the good wishes of the occasion.

Signor Guido Cora, a learned geographer and professor of Turin, has made some very interesting researches into the history of the gypsies, and his paper on the subject has been read before the Geographical Society of Geneva. He is disposed to agree with those who ascribe a Hindu origin to the race, and considers that they arrived in Europe by two routes, some following the north coast of Africa and crossing into Spain by the Strait of Gibraltar, while others, having reached the Balkan peninsula, spread westwards and northwards. These migrations seem to have taken place between 1400 and 1500 A.D. The number of the race at the present day has been variously estimated at from 300,000 to 5,000,000; but Signor Cora is disposed to place them at only 2,000,000. In Europe the greater portion are to be found in Roumania, where there are 250,000, while there are 150,000 in Hungary, 135,000 in Turkey, 80,000 in Russia, and 40,000 in Spain. In Africa they are to be found in small numbers in many parts in the north and in the Soudan; in America they are chiefly met with in Brazil, and even in Oceania they have their representatives. The race is essentially nomad, even more than the Arab. Signor Cora considers that the Bohemian dances are much overrated, and that the same may be said of the celebrated dancing girls of Moscow. Gypsies have a surprising knowledge of routes and roads, and possess a code of signs which, marked on trees and walls, indicate the way to those of their race who come after them. Their domestic life is unfettered by civil and religious laws, and marriage is a free union, though the tie is seldom dissolved.

Jules Verne's age does not seem to interfere with his literary activity. A new story from his pen, "Le Château des Carpathes," is appearing week by week in sixpenny numbers in Paris, and he is busily engaged on yet another novel of adventure, which will rejoice in the southern name of "Claudius Bombarnac." It is rumoured that the veteran storyteller is anxious to be proposed for the next vacancy in the French Academy, and that a number of the most influential among the "Immortals" will do their best to obtain for him this reward for a long life of extremely honourable literary labour. Comparisons are odious, but it seems strange that a body which has welcomed M. de Freycinet should exclude from their midst a man who has been the delight of French, English, and American youth during the last thirty years, for his first book, "Five Weeks in a Balloon," appeared early in the year 1863.

The death of Mr. Thomas Nelson takes from us another of the historic figures of the publishing world—of the men who,



THE LATE MR. THOMAS NELSON.

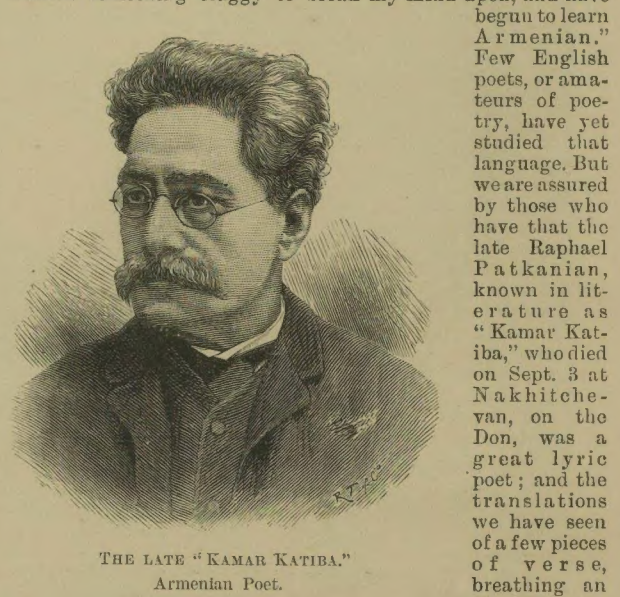
Thomas Nelson, an Edinburgh bookseller. The achievements of the firm are well known. They adapted themselves

to the new educational movement, with its extraordinary demands, with quite remarkable skill, and their cheap reading-books, called "The Royal Readers," have, in consequence, been sold by hundreds of thousands throughout the country. Scarcely less popular were the numerous histories by Dr. Collier, which provided picturesque and, on the whole, accurate views of British history before Bishop Stubbs and Freeman and Green had written a line. Mr. Nelson was himself the author of an elementary geography and of an atlas. Among the many triumphs may be included the Schönberg Cotta Series of Mrs. Charles and the numerous tales of "A. L. O. E." (Miss Tucker). In this type of work—the Sunday-school prize—Messrs. Nelson have produced many books which have been wonders of fine printing and tasteful binding. Mr. Nelson was an ingenious mechanic, and introduced many devices in printing, bookbinding, and photo-zincography which have now become common property. One of his greatest successes in this direction was the invention of a rotary printing-press, a working model of which was shown in the London Exhibition of 1851 and again in the Edinburgh Exhibition of 1886. He was an energetic and indefatigable man of business from first to last. He kept the control of the large establishment, with all its multifarious details, in his own hands, and since his brother's death in 1887 the entire burden of the business has fallen on his shoulders, although he has been ably seconded by Mr. Thacker, the representative of the firm in London, where Messrs. Nelson have quite palatial premises at the corner of Paternoster Row.

By-the-way, "A. L. O. E." (A Lady of England), the lady whose stories have had so great a popularity, and whose real name is Miss Sarah Tucker, is reported to be seriously ill in India. She went to that country as a missionary when she was over fifty years of age, and now, at nearly sixty, she is so badly broken down by the climate that her recovery is doubtful.

All English Churchmen who have marked the way in which the strain of East African work is telling upon that apostolic prelate Bishop Smythies will rejoice to know that he has found an episcopal helper. The funds for a division of his diocese have been obtained, and the new See of Nyassaland has been accepted by the Rev. Wilfrid Bird Hornby, M.A., Vicar of St. Columba's, Southwick, Sunderland.

Lord Byron, in one of his letters from abroad, says, "I

THE LATE "KAMAR KATIBA,"
Armenian Poet.

wanted something craggy to break my mind upon, and have begun to learn Armenian." Few English poets, or amateurs of poetry, have yet studied that language, but we are assured by those who have that the late Raphael Patkanian, known in literature as "Kamar Katiba," who died on Sept. 3 at Nakhichevan, on the Don, was a great lyric poet; and the translations we have seen of a few pieces of verse, breathing an heroic spirit

of patriotism, fully account for his popularity among those of his countrymen who aspire to national independence. He was born in 1830, and has led an active and industrious life, zealous in the cause of his nation. Besides his numerous poems, he was author of several novels and satirical essays, and director, in his latter years, of a technical school.

The new General of the Jesuits will continue the tradition of the order as far as learning and erudition are concerned. The Rev. Louis Martin is practically a Spaniard, although the family are of French origin. He pursued all his theological studies in France at the Jesuit mother-house of Laval, but his life since then has been spent entirely in Spain, where he held several important posts, notably in the province of Castile. Father Anderledy, the late General of the Society of Jesus, had a special affection for him, and sent for him to Rome some time before his death. The Rev. Father Martin, the new General, is a tall, fine-looking man, with long black hair, and an intelligent, firm expression of countenance. He is one of the most learned theologians of the day, and has written with considerable shrewdness and eloquence on Church matters. He speaks seven languages with ease—rather an important point in the head of an order which prides itself upon its missionary endeavour. Still, he is not one of the great preachers of the order, and, in fact, seldom attempts to speak in public. He will live in the beautiful convent of Fiesole, near Florence, and occupy the suite of rooms which were Father Anderledy's in old days.

Our portrait of Mr. Justice Denman is from a photograph supplied by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.; and that of Mr. A. A'Beckett by Mr. A. Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street.

FROM OVER SEA.

Into the silence of the silent night

He passed, whom all men honour; and the sun

Arose to shine upon a world undone,

And barren lives bereft of Life's delight.

The morning air was chill with sudden blight,

And cruel Winter's triumph had begun;

But He to some far Summer shore had won,

Whose splendour hides him from our dazzled sight

Not England's pride alone, this Lord of Song!

We—heirs to Shakspeare's and to Milton's speech—

Claim heritage from Tennyson's proud years:

To us his spacious, splendid lines belong—

We, too, repeat his praises, each to each—

We share his glory, and we share your tears.

October 1892.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen intends to proceed to the Continent next year on or about March 21 for a stay of six weeks. It is possible (says *Truth*) that her Majesty may pass a month at Florence, but in any case, she will return home through Germany, in order to visit the Empress Frederick at Cronberg, in the Taunus.

Meanwhile, her Majesty's courier has been making inquiries at Florence with the object of securing a suitable villa in the event of the Queen's visiting that city next spring, but up to the present has not been successful.

Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia and their son, Prince Waldemar, have been staying with her Majesty at Balmoral.

The Queen has placed Osborne Cottage, Isle of Wight, at the disposal of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who are expected to take up their residence there in about a fortnight.

It is reported to be the intention of the Government to release one or more of the imprisoned dynamiters. Though a steady agitation has been carried on for the release of the convict Daly, it is not very probable that he will be liberated. But his comrade Egan, against whom the evidence is supposed to have been far from invulnerable, may share in the expected amnesty. If such a policy should be adopted by the Government, a precedent will presumably be cited in the release of Fenians by Mr. Gladstone's first Administration. But the policy will be severely criticised when Parliament meets.

Mr. Morley has found an unexpected supporter in Mr. Courtney. Though a staunch Unionist and not disposed to admit that the Chief Secretary's statesmanship will bring peace to Ireland, Mr. Courtney strongly approves of the Evicted Tenants Commission, and holds that many of the tenants ought to be reinstated. On the other hand, the policy of reinstatement continues to be assailed with great vigour by the advocates of the Irish landlords. The late Lord Lieutenant, in a speech at Sunderland, drew a sombre picture of the state of Ireland under Mr. Morley's rule, and contended that crime had increased since the advent of the new Government; but statistics on this line are, perhaps, a little premature.

Mr. Asquith has extricated himself from the Trafalgar Square difficulty with an adroitness which has been handsomely acknowledged by many of his opponents. He has decided to restore the privilege of public meeting in the Square under definite regulations. No meetings may be held except on Saturday afternoon, Sunday, and Bank Holidays. The Home Secretary declared with much directness that in his opinion constant meetings would be an intolerable nuisance, and there is no doubt that the restrictions he has devised commend themselves to moderate men of all parties. There is some random rhetoric among the Socialists of the most irresponsible kind, who say they will go to the Square when they please; but it is not likely that Mr. Asquith's decision will be materially impugned.

In a speech to a deputation of the Anti-Slavery Society Lord Rosebery used some eloquent language about the "moral continuity" of our policy in Africa, and his tone has been construed to mean that the Government have not made up their minds to abandon Uganda. A member of the deputation, the Rev. Horace Waller, caused some commotion by asserting that the slave traffic had ceased in Uganda, but was conspicuous in the territories, notably Zanzibar, "under direct British administration." "East Africa," says Mr. Waller, "oozes with the slave trade, and slaves in great numbers may be seen carrying provisions for the East Africa Company." These statements seem to demand some explanation.

Mr. Gladstone has been giving more proofs of his vigour and versatility. He cut the first turf of the Wirral Railway, in Cheshire, which establishes a new communication between Wales and Liverpool, and he delivered a long and interesting speech on the history of railway development. On Oct. 24 he appeared at Oxford, and gave the first of the new series of lectures associated with the name of Professor Romanes. The Prime Minister discoursed on "Mediæval Universities" to an audience keenly appreciative of the historic occasion, but a great deal more interested in the man than in his subject.

Before leaving Oxford, Mr. Gladstone visited the Clarendon Press Warehouse, where he delivered a short speech on the work of the establishment, which he praised for its artistic excellence. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone afterwards left for London.

There is to be more inquiry into the operations of "General" Booth's "Darkest England" scheme. A committee has been formed, consisting of Lord Onslow, Sir Henry James, Mr. Sydney Buxton, and Mr. Walter Long, and the services of an eminent accountant have also been enlisted. As the *Times* says, if this committee should report that "General" Booth's social scheme is administered like any reputable charity, and that it has a reasonable prospect of doing good, it will no longer be possible to throw doubt either on General Booth's good faith or on his capacity. This is perfectly reasonable, and yet there are embittered assailants of the Salvation Army who treat the committee with contempt and suggest that its members are quite unfitted for their task! This is prejudice run mad.

The Local Government Board is taking steps to learn how many employers of labour in the Metropolis can be counted on to come to the rescue of the unemployed poor during the winter. It is anticipated that the distress will be exceptionally acute, and an unhappily common problem at such a season is further complicated by the danger that not only the casual labourers but also the skilled artisans will be in need of work. That public relief works will be organised seems probable enough; but, so far, no suggestion has been made which even pretends to cope with the difficulty.

The conviction of the poisoner Thomas Neill has been a great relief to the public mind. There is no sentiment in favour of reprieving this monster, who is the most powerful argument for capital punishment that has been presented to the world for many a day. He seems to have indulged the fond hope that the evidence would be incomplete, but the jury took only a few minutes to agree upon their verdict. Except "Jack the Ripper," Neill has no parallel among the murderers of our time.

This case gives exceptional importance to Sir Henry Thompson's demand for the appointment of independent medical examiners. But for an accident the real cause of the death of Matilda Clover, one of Neill's victims, might never have been known. An ordinary death certificate was given. Sir Henry Thompson has drawn attention to the French system, which makes the most careful inquiry into the cause of death imperative. The method in this country is much too happy-go-lucky, and there certainly ought to be in every district an independent medical officer who would take care to satisfy himself that the issue of the certificate is justifiable.

In spite of the opposition of the "Anti-Popery Association," the election of Mr. Alderman Knill as Lord Mayor has been

confirmed. The petition against his election received four thousand signatures—a remarkable proof of the strength and tenacity of religious prejudice in the enlightened City of London.

The town of Colchester, on Thursday, Oct. 20, enjoyed a public festival at the ceremony of opening the new Castle Park, on a site of some historical interest, where, in the Civil War, the Royalist commanders of the garrison, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, at the end of the siege, were put to death by order of Fairfax, the General of the Parliamentary army. The Lord Mayor of London, who was the guest of the Mayor of Colchester, Mr. Wilson Marriage, performed the opening ceremony, accompanied by the Sheriffs of London, and the local Oyster Feast was afterwards held in the Corn Exchange. The President of the Board of Agriculture, the mayors of many towns in Essex and Suffolk, and several members of Parliament were present.

By way of conclusion to a disagreeable controversy, Mr. Arnold-Forster writes to the *Times* announcing that as Mr. Morley has now categorically stated that he had nothing whatever to do with the withdrawal of the constabulary from protection duty on Aug. 29 last, he expresses his regret that in perfect good faith he should have represented him as responsible for an act with which, he asserts, he was in no way concerned. Mr. Arnold-Forster points out, however, that his original statement stands exactly as he made it, and that police protection was, in spite of his correspondent's strong protest, withdrawn after Mr. Morley had taken office, and when he alone could give directions to the constabulary.

Mr. Justice Denman has retired from the Bench after a very long term of service. It was generally believed that Sir Walter Phillimore had been made the new judge, but this statement is denied.

The latest phase of the vivisection controversy is that Mr. Francis Peek, backed by Professor Huxley, has proposed to raise a subscription to meet the expenses of a trial of the whole controversy in a court of law. This proposition is not likely to come to anything; but the conflict, which originated in Professor Huxley's attack on Miss Cobbe, still rages. One eminent vivisectionist relates that certain experiments he made in dissecting dead animals were described as vivisection by emotional persons careless of the facts. The necessity for verifying authorities seems to be very imperfectly appreciated by some well-meaning people.

According to the Registrar-General's report for the week which ended on Saturday, Oct. 22, the mortality in the inner circle of London was equal to an annual rate of 17.7 per 1000, as compared with 17.1 per 1000, the figures of the previous week. There were five deaths attributed to influenza.

The result of the ballot of the Durham Miners' Union on the question of whether or not they were in favour of an eight-hour day by Act of Parliament has been announced as follows: For a legal eight-hour day, 12,684; against, 28,217; majority against, 15,533.

The Timbuctoo controversy has developed into a discussion about Jehoshaphat. Who wrote the rhyme about Sennacherib and Jehoshaphat, who "was so fat"? This question is now exercising the learned leisure of correspondents of the *Times*. As for Timbuctoo and the missionary, it has been discovered that one form of the rhyme is in the preface to Robert Burns's "Merry Muses," published in 1827.

A detailed account of the provisions of the Imperial German Army Bill has been published. It fixes the peace establishment, for six years or five and a half, from October 1893, at the number of 492,000 men, consisting of 711 battalions of infantry, 477 squadrons of cavalry, 494 batteries of field artillery, 37 battalions of foot artillery, 24 battalions of pioneers, 7 railway battalions, and 21 battalions of baggage train. The infantry are to go through two years' active service with their regiments, and 235,000 recruits are to be enrolled every year. There is to be a large increase of arrangements for training soldiers and for instructing non-commissioned officers, who are to have more pay and rewards. The additional yearly cost of this army will be 64,000,000 marks—above three millions sterling. It is expected to bring up the number of men who have been trained as soldiers to 4,400,000 when the army is placed on a war footing and the reserves are called out.

The Emperor and Empress of Austria have suddenly left Hungary for Vienna, and the inauguration of a monument at Buda to the memory of the commander and garrison who fell in the siege of 1849 has been postponed in consequence of debates in the Hungarian Parliament with reference to that historical conflict between the Magyars and the Austrian Empire. Count Szapary, the Prime Minister of Hungary, seems to have much difficulty in reconciling political parties.

The general parliamentary elections in Italy, on Nov. 6, are contemplated with some solicitude by the present Ministry. The ex-Premier, the Marquis di Rudini, has issued a letter insisting on the necessity of financial reforms with regard to the military expenditure and that on railways.

M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, in an interview on the subject of the French occupation of Tunis, which took place while he was Foreign Minister, declared that no promise was ever given that France would not occupy the Regency. He further adds that France seized the first pretext for doing so that presented itself. With regard to the fortification of Biserta, he admits that he assured Lord Lyons that France had at that time no intention of making Biserta a military post.

Important proceedings took place at Chicago on Oct. 21, in anticipation of the opening of the "World's Fair," or Great International Exhibition. There was a grand procession, with 15,000 troops, conducting members of the United States Government, Senators, and Congressmen, Governors of States, Judges, and foreign Ministers, to the Manufactures and Arts Building, where a vast assembly had gathered. Addresses were read, odes were recited, the "Columbian March" was sung, and Mr. Chauncey Depew spoke the Columbian oration. This was followed by the inauguration of the "World's Congress Auxiliary Association," which is to hold a series of international meetings and conventions on diverse subjects. The Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Morton, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, and Mr. Charles Bonney, President of the Congress, took leading parts at this meeting. Next day, the building erected at the Exhibition by the State of New York was presented to the Exhibition Committee. Governor Flower, Mr. Chauncey Depew, and Archbishop Corrigan were the principal speakers.

A Buffalo correspondent of a New York paper states that the railway switchmen all over the country are preparing for a monster strike in May next, which would cripple the business of the railways in connection with the Chicago Exhibition.

Two railway disasters, involving the loss of nine lives, are reported from America, one train having fallen through a bridge and another having been wrecked by a broken rail.

The crews of several Canadian seal-catching vessels seized by the Russian gun-boat *Zabijaka* last August in the Behring Sea, and detained as prisoners on the Russian Siberian coast, have been given up to a British ship of war and brought to Yokohama, whence they are being sent home in a Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's steamer. The Russian naval commander, Captain Delevron, by whom this and similar acts have been committed, is found to have been insane. A whaling vessel belonging to Massachusetts, United States, was seized by the Russians on Sept. 10, but has been restored on the demand of the United States Government.

The village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, Quebec, the seat of a famous shrine to which pilgrims flock from all parts of the North American Continent, has been devastated by fire. Fifty houses were destroyed, but the church and the relics were saved.

The largest of the Italian islands next to Sicily, that of Sardinia, has been visited by a great disaster. On Thursday, Oct. 20, a heavy storm of rain began, which caused next day a vast inundation, from swollen torrents, of the fertile vine-growing plain of Campedano, fifteen miles north of Cagliari. Six villages, with a total population of six thousand, were entirely submerged by the flood. Numerous dwellings were destroyed, and several hundred persons have lost their lives.

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria, son of the heir-apparent to the empire, is about to start in an Austrian war-ship on a tour of eleven months round the world, visiting India, Siam, China, Japan, the Malay archipelago, Australia, California, Chicago, and New York.

Advices from China state that according to intelligence received at Shanghai the Yellow River has again burst its banks, though the exact locality is not stated. The news came from Yanko, on the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. A missionary reported that at least twelve towns had been washed away, but not many lives were lost. The floods are, however, said to have extended to three provinces.

Afghan newswriters report that the Hazara rebellion has revived. It is impossible to test the truth of the rumour, but it is probable that the Ameer's General had displayed his usual want of enterprise after the capture of the Oruzghan Valley. Next month's snow will put an end to all operations.

From Venezuela news has been received of the fall of Barcelona and the triumph of the Crespists throughout the Eastern Province of Bermudez, where the supporters of the late Government have made their last determined stand.—X.

THE ENIGMA OF CRIME.

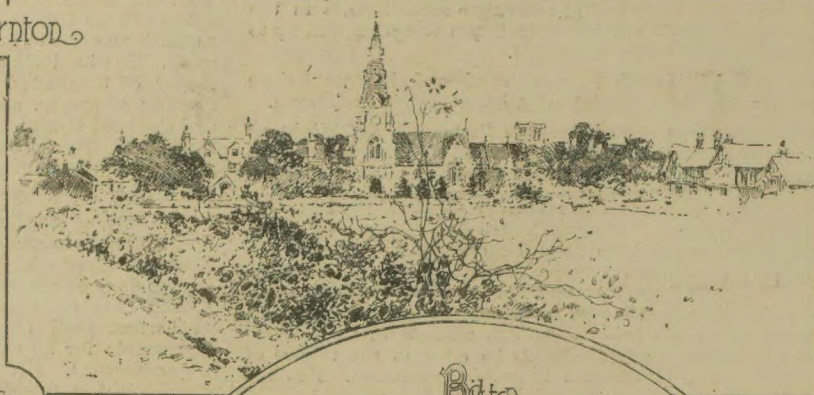
What was it that gave a certain interest to the last stage of the dreadful ceremony which has just been concluded at the Old Bailey—an interest that was not the debased curiosity of a heartless sight-seeing crowd? Perhaps it was the old, old problem: Why are men criminals? Neill was undoubtedly a criminal of the most pronounced type, the criminal whose motives lay obscurely apart from the superficial causes of murder—jealousy, passion, avarice, revenge, and the rest. Why need he have murdered—murdered on an appalling scale, with relentless cruelty, with dogged purpose? To look at him, one would have taken him either for what he was, a professional man of the second class or a prosperous tradesman. His clothes were neat and new, not fashionable, but distinctly smart. His gold spectacles gave him age and respectability. His high forehead, self-possessed and yet largely expressionless air, neatly trimmed reddish beard and moustache, and bald head told no story but that he came from the middle rank of life. Only the eyes, deep-set, and of a strange light blue-grey tint, contrasting strangely with the thin, short, black hair, seemed forbidding, secret, sinister. But if one had seen them on the face of a Minister or a member of Parliament, would ninety-nine people out of a hundred have noted anything but their unusual colour? The face was unquestionably an intelligent one, the jaw prominent and firmly, too firmly, set; only the back of the head—heavy, flat, and devoid of "bumps"—was purely ugly and repellent.

Of emotion this strange, dangerous animal showed none. His counsel looked far more excited as the trial reached its last stages, and doom could be read in every sentence of the powerful and conclusive summing-up of Mr. Justice Hawkins. Beyond a certain nervous movement of the jaw, a mere natural habit, his whole mien was statue-like. He neither changed posture nor colour. He required no help from the three warders in the dock when he had to quit his motionless pose in the chair and advance to the front to hear sentence passed upon him, but walked with a couple of swift, ungainly strides, rested his elbow on the rail, and stood at ease.

Judges do not often look at "prisoners at the bar," but Mr. Justice Hawkins's stern eyes could not then well be avoided. Neill looked calmly into them, clearly listening with attention, possibly—though this might have been a mere onlooker's fancy—with a slight flush at the closing formula, so crudely, so nakedly horrible, or at the sight of the black-gowned chaplain standing by the judge's side. It is safe to say that scores of bystanders were far more flurried than the creature—the *bête humaine*—who had been run at last to earth.

Yet the trial must have been full of the deadliest surprises. Unknown eyes had followed him to his secret haunts. This suspicious, peering, cunning creature had every now and then left a trail as broad as an elephant's. Letters, words, hints had all risen up in judgment against him. Some of the links in the purely circumstantial case were slight enough; but they fitted into each other like a glove. The youngest barrister or press-man in court could have told him offhand that from the first he had but the merest glimmer of hope, and that even that had faded away when his own counsel sat down, with "no case" written plain on his clever speech. Yet the man was confident throughout, picked small flaws in the evidence, suggested microscopic points to his defenders, and mapped out the main lines of his counsel's address. He was hopeful up to the last day of the trial, and, since the sentence, has professed an utter indifference to his fate. Like Bothwell in "Old Mortality," he will go to it hoping nothing and fearing nothing. Throughout he has been a fine study in the characteristic criminal insensitiveness, an insensitiveness which, as Dr. Lombroso has shown, extends in many cases to inability to feel physical pain. Nothing could be made of him. There he stood, slouching at the bar, a human being, with conscience, compunction, even physical terror, left out of him, and only a certain morbid intelligence working in obscure corners of that corrupt and self-centred existence. Since Wainwright there has been no one like him in the dismal annals of that dismal court.—M.

Thornton



The Sands at New Brighton



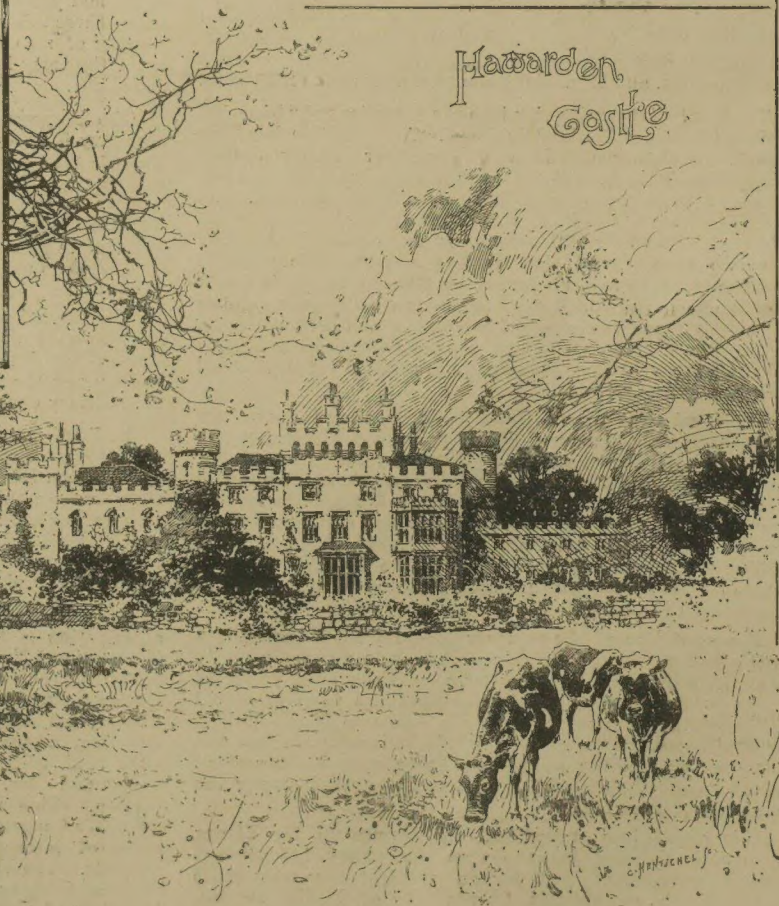
Mr. Gladstone cutting the first sod of the Wirral Railways.



Bjeto Church



Hawarden Castle



Hoylake

Neston



THE PURSUIT OF THE WELL-BELOVED.

A SKETCH

OF

A

TEMPERAMENT.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD,"

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES," &c.

PART SECOND.
A YOUNG MAN OF FORTY.

CHAPTER XIII.

SHE THREATENS TO RESUME CORPÓREAL SUBSTANCE.

The hisings of the sea beneath the cliffs were all the sounds that reached him, for the quarries were silent now. How long he sat here leaning and thinking he did not know. Neither did he know, though he felt drowsy, whether inexpectant sadness—that gentle soporific—lulled him into a short sleep, so that he lost count of time and consciousness of realities. But all of a sudden he seemed to see Avice Caro herself, standing beside her own grave in the light of the moon.

She seemed not a year older, not a digit less slender, not a line more angular than when he had parted from her, twenty years earlier, in the lane hard by. A dim nascent reasoning on the impossibility of such a phenomenon as this being more than a dream-fancy roused him with a start from his heaviness.

"I must have been asleep!" he said.

The outline of the grave was as distinct as before he had dozed, but nobody stood there. Yet she had seemed so real. Pearston resolutely dismissed the strange impression, arguing that even if the information sent him of Avice's death should have been false—a thing incredible—that sweet friend of his youth, despite the transfiguring effects of moonlight, would not have looked the same as she had appeared nineteen or twenty years ago.

Having satisfied his sentiment by coming to the graveside, there was nothing more for him to do in the island, and he decided to return to London that night. But, some time remaining still on his hands, as soon as he arrived at the junction of roads Jocelyn, by a natural instinct, turned his feet in the direction of East Wake, the village of his birth and of hers. Passing the market-square he pursued the arm of road to Dell-i'-th'-rock Castle, a private mansion of comparatively modern date, in whose grounds stood the single plantation of trees of which the isle could boast. The cottages extended close to the walls of the enclosure, and one of the last of these dwellings had been Avice's, in which, as it was her freehold, she possibly had died.

To reach it he passed the gates of Dell-i'-th'-rock, and observed above the lawn-wall a board announcing that the house was to be let furnished. A few steps farther revealed the cottage which, with its quaint and massive stone features of two or three centuries' antiquity, was capable even now of longer resistance to the rasp of Time than ordinary new erections. His attention was drawn to the window, which was unblinded, though a lamp lit the room within. He stepped back against the wall opposite, and gazed intently.

At a table covered with a white cloth a young woman stood putting tea-things away into a corner-cupboard. She was in all respects the Avice he had lost, the girl he had seen in the churchyard and had fancied to be the illusion of a dream. And though there was this time no doubt about her reality, the isolation of her position in the silent room lent her a curiously startling aspect. Divining the explanation, he waited for foot-steps, and in a few moments a quarryman passed him on his journey homeward. Pearston inquired of him concerning the spectacle.

"O yes, Sir; that's poor Mr. Caro's only daughter, and it must be lonely for her there to-night, poor maid! Yes, good-nor; she's the very daps of her mother—that's what everybody says."

"But how does she come to be so lonely? They were quarryowners at one time."

The quarryman "pitched his nitch," and explained to the supposed stranger that there had been three families thereabouts in the stone trade, who had got much involved with each other in the last generation. They were the Bencombs, the Pearstons, and the Caros. The Bencombs strained their utmost to outlift the other two, and partially succeeded. They grew

enormously rich, sold out, and retired to London. The Pearstons kept a dogged middle course, throve without show or noise, and also retired in their turn. The Caros were pulled completely down in the competition with the other two, and when Widow Caro's daughter married her cousin Jim Caro he tried to regain for the family its original place in the three-cornered struggle. He took contracts at less than he could profit from, speculated more and more, till at last the crash came and he was sold up, went away, and later on came back to live in this little cottage, which was his wife's by inheritance.

There he remained till his death; and now his widow was gone. Hardships had helped on her end.

The quarryman proceeded on his way, and Pearston, deeply remorseful, knocked at the door of the minute freehold. The girl herself opened it, lamp in hand.

"Avice!" he said tenderly; "Avice Caro!" even now unable to get over the strange feeling that he was twenty years younger, addressing Avice the First.

"Yes, Sir," said she.

"Ah, your name is the same as your mother's!"



Pearston knocked at the door of the minute freehold. The girl herself opened it, lamp in hand.

"Yes. Both my names. Poor mother married her cousin."

"And you have lost her now?"

"I have, Sir."

She spoke in the very same sweet voice that he had listened to a score of years before, and bent eyes of the same familiar hazel inquiringly upon him.

"I knew your mother at one time," he said; "and learning of her death and burial I took the liberty of calling upon you. You will forgive a stranger doing that?"

"Yes," she said dispassionately, and glancing round the room: "this was mother's own house, and now it is mine. I am sorry not to be in mourning on the night of her funeral, but I have just been to put some flowers on her grave, and I took it off afore going that the damp mid not spoil the crape. You see, she was bad a long time, and I have to be careful, and do washing and ironing for a living. She hurt her side with wringing up the large sheets she had to wash for the Castle folks here."

"I hope you won't hurt yourself doing it, my dear."

"O no, that I sha'n't! There's Charl Woolat, and Sammy Wayes, and Ted Gibsey, and lots o' young chaps; they'll wring anything for me if they happen to come along. But I can hardly trust 'em. Sam Wayes t'other day twisted a linen tablecloth into two pieces, for all the world as if it had been a pipe-light. They never know when to stop in their wringing."

The voice truly was his Avice's; but Avice the Second was more matter-of-fact, unreflecting, less cultivated than her mother had been. This Avice would never recite poetry from any platform, local or other, with enthusiastic appreciation of its fire. There was a little disappointment in recognising this; yet she touched him as few had done: he could not bear to go away. "How old are you?" he asked.

"Going in nineteen."

It was about the age of her double, Avice the First, when he and she had strolled together over the cliffs during the engagement. But he was now forty, if a day. She before him was an uneducated laundress, and he was a sculptor with a fortune and a reputation. Yet why was it an unpleasant sensation to him just then to recollect that he was two score?

He could find no further excuse for remaining, and having still half-an-hour to spare he went round by the road to the west side of the modern castle, and came to the last house out there on the cliff. It was his early home. Used in the summer as a lodging-house for visitors, it now stood empty and silent; the evening wind swaying the eunymus and tamarisk boughs in the front—the only evergreen shrubs that could weather the salt sea gales which raked past the walls. Opposite the house, far out at sea, the familiar light-ship winked from the sand-bank, and all at once there came to him a wild wish—that, instead of having an artist's reputation, he could be living here an illiterate and unknown man, wooing, and in a fair way of winning, the pretty laundress in the cottage hard by.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RESUMPTION TAKES PLACE.

Having returned to London, he mechanically resumed his customary life; but he was not really living there. The phantom of Avice, now grown to be warm flesh and blood, held his mind afar. He thought of nothing but the isle, and Avice the Second dwelling therein. The very defects in the country girl became charms as viewed from town.

Nothing now pleased him so much as to spend that portion of the afternoon which he devoted to out-door exercise in haunting the purlieus of the wharves along the Thames, where the stone of his native isle was unshipped from the coasting-craft that had brought it thither. He would pass inside the great gates of these landing-places on the right or left bank, and contemplate the white cubes and oblongs, imbibe their associations, call up the *genius loci* whence they came, and almost forgot that he was in London.

One afternoon he was walking away from the mud-splashed entrance to one of the wharves, when his attention was drawn to a female form on the opposite side of the way, going towards the spot he had just left. She was somewhat small, slight, and graceful; her attire alone would have been enough to attract him, being simple and contrived to picturesqueness; but he was more than attracted by her strong resemblance to Avice Caro.

Before she had receded a hundred yards he felt absolutely certain that it was Avice indeed; and his dreamy, fanciful mood of the afternoon was now so intense that the lost and the found Avice seemed essentially the same person. Their external likeness to each other—probably owing to the cousinship between the elder and her husband—went far to nourish the fantasy. He hastily turned, and rediscovered the girl among the pedestrians. She kept on her way to the wharf, where, looking inquiringly around her for a few seconds, with the manner of one unaccustomed to the locality, she opened the gate and disappeared.

Pearston also went up to the gate and entered. She had crossed to the landing-place, beyond which a lumpy craft lay moored. Drawing nearer, he discovered her to be engaged in conversation with the skipper and an elderly woman—both come straight from the politic isle, as was apparent in a moment from their accent. Pearston felt no hesitation in making himself known as a native, the ruptured engagement between Avice's mother and himself twenty years before having been known to few or none now living.

The present emboliment of Avice recognised him, and with the artless candour of her race and years explained the situation, though that was rather his duty as an intruder than hers.

"This is Cap'n Kibbs, a distant relation of poor father's," she said. "And this is Mrs. Kibbs. We've come up from the island wi'en just for a trip, and are going to sail back wi'en Wednesday."

"O, I see! And where are you staying?"

"Here—on board."

"What, you live on board entirely?"

"Yes."

"Lord, Sir," broke in Mrs. Kibbs, "I should be afeard o' my life to time my eyes among these here kimberlins at night-time; and even by day, if so be I venture into the streets, I nowhen forget how many turnings to the right and to the left 'tis to get back to Ike's vessel—do I, Ike?"

The skipper nodded confirmation.

"You are safer ashore than afloat," said Pearston, "especially in the Channel, with these winds and those heavy blocks of stone."

"Well," said Cap'n Kibbs, after privately clearing something from his mouth, "as to the winds, there idden much danger in them at this time o' year. 'Tis the ocean-bound steamers that make the risk to craft like ours. If you happen to be in their course, under you go—cut clane in two pieces, and they never stopping to pick up your carcasses, and nobody to tell the tale."

Pearston turned to Avice, wanting to say much to her, yet not knowing what to say. He lamely remarked at last: "You go back the same way, Avice?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, take care of yourself afloat."

"O yes."

"I hope—I may see you again soon—and talk to you."

"I hope so, Sir."

He could not get further, and after a while Pearston left them, and went away—thinking of Avice more than ever.

The next day he mentally timed them down the river, allowing for the pause to take in ballast, and on the Wednesday pictured the sail down the open sea. That night he thought of the little craft under the bows of the huge steam-vessels, powerless to make itself seen or heard, and Avice, now growing inexpressively dear, sleeping in her little berth at the mercy of a thousand chance catastrophes.

Honest perception had told him that this Avice, fairer than her mother in face and form, was her inferior in soul and understanding. Yet the fervour which the first could never kindle in him was, almost to his alarm, burning up now. He began to have misgivings as to some queer trick that his migratory Well-Beloved was about to play him.

A gigantic satire upon the mutations of his nympholepsy during the past twenty years seemed looming in the distance. A forsaking of the accomplished and well-connected Mrs. Pine-Avon for the little laundress, under the traction of some mystic magnet which had nothing to do with reason—surely that was the form of the satire.

But it was recklessly pleasant to leave this suspicion unrecognised as yet and follow the lead.

In thinking how best to do this Pearston recollected that, as was customary when the summer-time approached, Dell-o'-th'-rock Castle had been advertised for letting furnished. A solitary dreamer like himself, whose wants all lay in an artistic and ideal direction, did not require such gaunt accommodation as the aforesaid residence offered; but the spot was all, and the expenses of a few months of tenancy therein he could well afford. A letter to the agent was dispatched that night, and in a few days Jocelyn found himself the temporary possessor of a place which he had never seen the inside of since his childhood, and had then deemed the abode of unpleasant ghosts.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PAST SHINES IN THE PRESENT.

It was the evening of Pearston's arrival at Dell-i'-th'-rock Castle, an ordinary manor-house on the brink of the sea; and he had walked through the rooms, about the lawn, and into the surrounding plantation of elms, which on this island of treeless rock lent a unique character to the enclosure. To find other trees thereon, it was necessary to recede a little in time—to dig down to a loose stratum of the underlying stone-beds, where a forest of conifers lay as petrifications, their heads all in one direction, as blown down by a gale in the secondary geologic epoch.

Dusk had closed in, and he now proceeded with what was, after all, the real business of his sojourn. The two servants who had been left to take care of the house were in their own quarters, and he went out unobserved. Crossing a hollow overhung by the budding boughs he approached an empty garden-house of Elizabethan design, which stood on the outer wall of the grounds, and commanded by a window the fronts of the nearest cottages. Among them was the home of the resuscitated Avice.

He had chosen this moment for his outlook through knowing that the inhabitants of the village were in no hurry to pull down their blinds at nightfall. And, as he had divined, the interior of the young woman's living-room was distinctly visible to him as illuminated by the rays of its own lamp.

A subdued thumping came every now and then from the apartment. She was ironing linen on a flannel table-cloth, a row of such articles hanging on a clothes-horse by the fire. Her face had been pale when he formerly encountered her, but now it was warm and pink with her exertions and the heat of the stove. Yet it was in perfect and passionless repose, which imparted a Minerva cast to the profile. When she glanced up her lineaments seemed to have all the soul and heart that had characterised her mother's, and had been with her a true index of the spirit within. Could it be possible that in this case the manifestation was fictitious? He had met with many such examples of hereditary persistence without the qualities signified by the traits. He unconsciously hoped that it was at least not entirely so here.

The room was less furnished than when he had last beheld it. The "bo-fet," or double corner-cupboard, where the china was formerly kept, had disappeared, its place being taken by a plain board. The tall old clock, with its ancient oak carcass, arched brow, and humorous mouth, was also not to be seen, a cheap, white-dialled specimen doing its work. What these displacements betokened saddened his humanity less than it

cheered his primitive instinct in pointing out how her necessity for aid might bring them together.

Having fixed himself near her for some lengthy time he felt in no hurry to obtrude his presence, and went indoors. That this girl's frame was doomed to be a real embodiment of that olden, seductive one—that Protean dream-creature, who had never seen fit to irradiate the mother's image till it became a mere memory after dissolution—he doubted less every moment.

There was still an uneasiness in recognising this. There was something abnormal in his present proclivity. A certain sanity had, after all, accompanied his former passions: the Beloved had seldom informed a personality which, while enrapturing his soul, simultaneously shocked his intellect. A change, perhaps, had come.

It was a fine morning on the morrow. Walking in the grounds towards the gate he saw Avice entering to the house with a broad oval wicker-basket covered with a white cloth; and she bore her burden round to the back door. Of course, she washed for his own household: he had not thought of that. In the morning sunlight she appeared rather as a sylph than as a washerwoman; and he could not but think that the slightness of her figure was as ill adapted to this occupation as her mother's had been.

But, after all, it was not the washerwoman that he saw now. In front of her, on the surface of her, was shining out that more real, more penetrating being whom he knew so well! The occupation of the subserving woman, the blemishes of the temporary creature who formed the background, were of no more account in the presentation than the posts and framework which support a pyrotechnic display.

She left the house and went homeward by a path of which he was not aware, having probably changed her route because she had seen him standing there. It meant nothing, for she had hardly become acquainted with him; yet that she should have avoided him was a new experience. He found no opportunity for a further study of her by distant observation, and hit upon a pretext for bringing her face to face with him. He found fault with his linen, and directed that the laundress should be sent for.

"She is rather young, poor little thing," said the house-maid, apologetically. "But since her mother's death she has enough to do to keep above water, and we make shift with her. But I'll tell her, Sir."

"I will see her myself. Send her in when she comes," said Pearston.

One morning, accordingly, when he was answering a spiteful criticism of a late work of his, he was told that she waited his pleasure in the hall. He went out.

"About the washing," said the sculptor, stiffly. "I am a very particular person, and I wish no preparation of time to be used."

"I didn't know folks used it," replied the maiden, in a shy and reserved tone, without looking at him.

"That's all right. And then, the mangling smashes the buttons."

"I haven't got a mangle, Sir," she murmured.

"Ah! that's satisfactory. And I object to so much *horax* in the starch."

"I never put any—never heard o't," Avice returned in the same close way.

"O I see."

All this time Pearston was thinking of the girl—that is to say, Nature was working her plans for producing the next generation under the cloak of a dialogue on linen. He could not read her individual character owing to the confusing effect of her likeness to a woman whom he had valued too late. He could not help seeing in her all that he knew of another, and veiling in her all that did not harmonise with his sense of metempsychosis.

The girl seemed to think of nothing but the business in hand. She answered to the point, and was not aware of his sex or of his shape.

"I knew your mother, Avice," he said. "You remember my telling you so?"

"Yes."

"Well—I have taken this house for two or three months, and you will be very useful to me. You still live just outside the wall?"

"Yes, Sir," said the self-contained girl.

Demurely and dispassionately she turned to leave—this pretty creature with features so still. There was something strange in seeing that form which he knew passing well moved off thus, she who was in past years so throbbingly alive to his presence that, not many yards from this spot, she had flung her arms tenderly round him and given him a kiss which, despised in its freshness, had revived in him latterly as the dearest kiss of all his life. And now this "daps" of her mother, this perfect copy, why did she turn away?

"Your mother was a refined and well-informed woman; I think I remember?"

"She was, Sir; everybody says so."

"I hope you resemble her."

She archly shook her head, and drew warily away.

"O! one thing more, Avice. I have not brought much linen, so you must come to the house every day."

"Very good, Sir."

"You won't forget that?"

"O no."

Then he let her go. He was a town man, and the an artless islander, yet he had opened himself out without disturbing the epiderm of her nature. It was monstrous that a maiden who had literally assumed the personality of the woman he loved with such tender memory should be so impervious. Perhaps it was he who was wanting. She might be Venus masking as Minerva, because he was so many years older in outward show.

This brought him to the root of it. In his heart he was not a day older than when he had wooed the mother at the daughter's present age. His record moved on with the years, his sentiments stood still.

When he beheld the class of his fellow-subjects defined as buffers and fogeys—imperturbable, matter-of-fact, slightly ridiculous beings, past masters in the art of populating homes, schools, and colleges, and present adepts in the science of giving away brides—how he envied them, assuming them to feel as they appeared to feel, with their commerce and their politics, their glasses and their pipes. They had got past the distracting currents of passionateness, and were in the calm waters of middle-aged philosophy. But he, their contemporary almost, was tossed like a cork hither and thither upon the crest of every fancy, precisely as he had been tossed when he was half his present age, with the added condition now of double pain to himself.

Avice had gone, and he saw her no more that day. Since he could not again call upon her, she was as inaccessible as if she had entered the military citadel on the hilltop beyond them.

In the evening he went out and paced down the lane to the Red King's castle, beside whose age the castle he occupied was but a thing of yesterday. Below the castle precipice lay enormous blocks, which had fallen from it, and several of them were carved over with names and initials. He knew the spot and the old trick well, and by searching in the faint moon-rays he found a pair of such names which, as an ambitious

However, the Well-Beloved was alive again; had been lost and was found. He was amazed at the change of front in himself. She had worn the guise of strange women; she had been a woman of every class, from the dignified daughter of some ecclesiastic or peer to a Nubian Almah with her handkerchiefs undulating to the beat of the tom tom; but all these embodiments had been endowed with a certain smartness, either of the flesh or spirit: some with wit, a few with talent, and even genius. But the new impersonation had apparently nothing beyond sex and prettiness. She knew not how to sport a fan or handkerchief, hardly how to pull on a glove.

But her limited life was innocent, and that went far. Poor little Avice! her mother's image: there it all lay. After all, her parentage was as good as his own; it was misfortune that had sent her down to this. Old as it seemed to him, her limitations were largely what he loved her for. Her rejuvenating power over him had ineffable charm. He felt as he had felt when standing beside her predecessor; but, alas! he was twenty years further onward into the shade.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE NEW BECOMES ESTABLISHED.

A few mornings later he was looking through an upper back window over a screened part of the garden. The door

moment by her smile, he had never beheld that mark since the parting from Avice the First, when she had smiled under his kiss as the copy had done now.

Next morning, when dressing, he heard her through the rickety floor of the old building engaged in conversation with the other servants, who had come back, though she had not gone.

By this time she had regularly installed herself in his heart as the new exponent of the Well-Beloved—as one who, by no initiative of his own, had been chosen as the vehicle of her next début. He was struck with the exquisite cadences of her voice rather than by its tone; she would sadly drop it to a rich whisper of roguishness, when the slight rural monotony of its narrative speech disappeared, and soul and heart—or what seemed soul and heart—resounded. The charm lay in the intervals, using that word in its musical sense. She would say a few syllables in one note, and end her sentence in a soft modulation upwards, then downwards, then into her own note again. The curve of sound was as artistic as any line of beauty ever struck by the pencil—as satisfying as the curves of her who was the world's desire.

The subject of her discourse he cared nothing about—it was no more his interest than his concern. He took special pains that in catching her voice he might not comprehend her



Walking in the grounds towards the gate he saw Avice entering to the house with a broad oval wicker-basket covered with a white cloth.

boy, he himself had cut. They were "Avice" and "JOCELYN"—Avice Caro's and his own. The letters were now nearly worn away by the weather and the brine. But close by, in quite fresh letters, stood another "Avice," coupled with the name "George." They could not have been there more than two or three years, and the "Avice" was probably Avice the Second. Who was George? Some boy admirer of her child-time doubtless.

He retraced his steps, and passed the Caros' house towards his own. The revived Avice animated the dwelling, and the light within the room fell upon the window. She was just inside that blind.

Whenever she unexpectedly came to the castle he started, and even trembled. It was not at her presence, but at the new condition, which seemed to have something sinister in it. On the other hand, the most abrupt encounter with him moved her to no emotion as it had moved her prototype in the old days. She was indifferent to, almost unconscious of, his propinquity. He was no more than a statue to her; she was a growing fire to him.

A sudden Sapphic terror of love would ever and anon come upon the sculptor, when his matured reasoning powers would insist upon informing him of the fearful lapse from dignity that lay in this infatuation. It threw him into a sweat. What if now, at last, he were doomed to do penance for his past emotional wanderings (in a material sense), by being chained in fatal fidelity to an object that his intellect despised? Sometimes he thought he saw dimly visioned in that young face "the white, implacable Aphrodite."

beneath him opened, and a figure appeared tripping forth. She went round out of sight to where the gardener was at work, and presently returned with a bunch of green stuff fluttering in each hand. It was Avice, her dark hair now braided up snugly under a cap. She sailed on with a rapt and unconscious face, her thoughts a thousand removes from him.

How she had suddenly come to be an inmate of his own house he could not understand, till he recalled the fact that he had given the castle servants a whole holiday to attend a review of the yeomanry in the watering-place over the bay, on their stating that they could provide a temporary substitute to stay in the house. They had evidently called in Avice. To his great pleasure he discovered their opinion of his requirements to be such a mean one that they had called in no one else.

The spirit, as she seemed to him, brought his lunch into the room where he was writing, and he beheld her uncover it. She went to the window to adjust a blind which had slipped, and he had a good view of her profile. It was not unlike that of one of the three goddesses in Rubens's "Judgment of Paris," and in contour was high perfection. But it was in her full face that the vision of her mother was most apparent.

"Did you cook all this, Avice?" he asked, arousing himself.

She turned and smiled, merely murmuring, "Yes, Sir."

Well he knew the arrangement of those white teeth! In the junction of two of the upper ones there was a slight irregularity; no stranger would have noticed it, nor would he, but that he knew of the same mark in her mother's mouth, and looked for it here. Till Avice the Second had revealed it this

words. To the tones he had a right, none to the articulations. By degrees he could not exist long without this sound.

On Sunday evening he found that she went to church. He followed behind her over the open road, keeping his eye on the little hat with its bunch of cock's feathers as on a star. When she had passed in Pearston observed her position and took a seat behind her.

Engaged in the study of her ear and the nape of her white neck, he suddenly became aware of the presence of a lady still farther ahead in the aisle, whose attire, though of black materials in the quietest form, was of a cut which rather suggested London than this *Ultima Thule*. For the minute he forgot, in his curiosity, that Avice intervened. The lady turned her head somewhat, and, though she was veiled with unusual thickness for the season, he seemed to recognise Mrs. Pine-Avon in the form.

(To be continued.)

Lord Rosebery, at the Foreign Office, on Thursday, Oct. 20, received a strong deputation of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, to present a memorial against the prospective retirement of British agents from Uganda and the Lake region of Equatorial Africa. The spokesmen were Mr. Arthur Pease, president of the society, Sir Richard Temple, the Rev. Horace Waller, Sir Albert Rollit, Sir Frederick Young, several deputies from Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, and Mr. Bosworth Smith. Lord Rosebery, in his reply, expressed much sympathy with the moral sentiments that had been enunciated, but declined to pledge the Government on a question of Imperial policy.



ENGLISH CAMP AT MASSA KESSI, WITH TEMPORARY OBSERVATORY.



NATIVE "REST" SHEDS AT MENDIGO VILLAGE, 150 MILES FROM BEIRA.

THE ANGLO-PORTUGUESE BOUNDARY COMMISSION, SOUTH AFRICA.

SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN GRANT, ONE OF THE OFFICERS OF THE COMMISSION.



Berlin Photographic Company.

"A BIBLIOPHILE."—DRAWN BY EDWARD GRÜTZNER.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XXX.

Chatsworth.



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.

SENSIBLE people travelling northwards go by the Midland Railway for the mere sake of the views in Northern Derbyshire—through the Low Peak and High Peak, by Matlock, Chee Tor, and Mam Tor. The Dukes of Devonshire, more sensible still, have built their house there. The rich and spacious park of Chatsworth, which lies in a green valley watered by the Derwent, is sheltered to the north-west and south by some of the finest of English hills. Just to northward of the park is the base of a brief range which runs due north—through little hamlets of unsettled spelling which we may put down as Baslow, Cubar, and Froggall—to where, on the borders of Yorkshire, the point called “The Ox-stones” rises to a height of nearly 1400 ft. Farther off, to the north-west, are the blue hills round Castleton—indeed, this way is but an up-and-down of mountain and valley throughout the entire region of the High Peak, from Stoney Middleton to the border line of flat Cheshire, which brings one down again to a dead level.

Just to southward of the park are the hills which screen pretty Rowsley from north and east winds, and a little farther



ROSARY AND CASE OF HENRY VIII.

little place—rather too intentionally pretty, perhaps, but very pretty all the same. It stands at the meeting point of two rivers—the Derwent and the little Wye—and almost midway between two famous houses, Chatsworth and Haddon, the new and the old. Haddon Hall, silent now, but comely and picturesque with the memories of its ancient splendour, rises to westward of Rowsley, “on a rock in the midst of thick woods, the river Wye winding in the valley at a great depth beneath it.” But now a housekeeper has power where once the “King of the Peak”—Sir George Vernon—held rule, and whence his daughter Dorothy eloped with her lover.

Chatsworth Park, nearly twelve miles round, lies green and lovely among its hills: it is rich in deer and brimful of game; constantly hares scurry out and birds whirl aloft from the

bracken as you pass. The luxury, the wealth of life and colour strike one the more after a day's journey through the High Peak, with its “Pastoral dales thin set with modest farms,” of which a Derbyshire poet has spoken; but it is curious to notice that only the horrors of the situation seem to have struck old writers who mentioned the place before the beauty of the terrible was discovered or landscape-gardening invented. Thus Cotton, in his translation of a Latin description by Hobbes of the older house—

*This palace, with wild prospects girded round,
Stands in the middle of a falling ground,
At a bleak mountain's foot, whose craggy brow
Secures from eastern tempests all below:
Under whose shelter trees and flowers grow,
With early blossoms, maugre native snow.*

And a little further on the poet becomes more emphatic upon the disadvantages of the picturesque, and gives the famous Peak his opinion of its beauties in the plainest language. Chatsworth, he says, is—

*Environ'd round with Nature's shames and ills,
Black heaths, wild rocks, bleak crags, and naked hills.*

This is the more odd because these hills were Hobbes's favourite place of exercise; even when he was a very old gentleman he would every morning walk up them so fast that a stranger needed a good horse to keep pace with him.

One can hardly tell the story of Chatsworth without some mention of the famous philosopher who dwelt there so many years, and that mention may as well be made now. Hobbes, the author of the “Leviathan,” was tutor to the third Earl of Devonshire when that earl was young, and spent all his later days under his pupil's friendly roof: a great philosopher, a man of immense energy—when he was eighty-seven he translated the entire Iliad and Odyssey, and the public read his translation—yet a cowardly, vain, inglorious old gentleman. Bishop Kennet, in his “Memoirs of the Family of Cavendish,” gives a precise account of his methodical life: after his morning walk “he took a comfortable Breakfast, and then went round the Lodgings to wait upon the Earl, the Countess, and the Children, and any considerable Strangers, paying some short addresses to all of them. He kept these Rounds till about twelve o'clock, when he had a little Dinner provided for him, which he ate always by himself without Ceremony.” The afternoon he gave to study; and St. Evremond, who hated smoking, gives an amusing account of a visit to the philosopher—who sat, intrenched behind ten or twelve pipes, “like Jupiter involved in clouds of his own raising.”

The views that Mr. Hobbes must have had in his morning walks should have prevented him from slandering those heaths and crags; for from every hill-top one sees a different scene, of valley and blue mountains, and park-woods sweeping in great masses of shade up and down the uneven ground. Apart altogether from the great house, the place is full of beauty.

Chatsworth is but one of seven seats owned by the Duke of Devonshire. The others are Holker, Hardwick, Compton Place, Lismore Castle, Devonshire House in Piccadilly, and the famous Bolton Abbey. Again, Chatsworth is one of the seven wonders of the Peak; the rest being St. Anne's Well, Poole's Hole, the Ebbing and Flowing Well, Elden Hole, the “shivering mountain” of Mam Tor, and the Peak Cavern. Note, also, that it was the seventh Duke—the one lately dead—whose accession united the immense estates of probably seven great families: one recalls at once the names of Cavendish, Hardwick, Boyle, Clifford, and Spencer and Compton—with a hyphen between them. This Duke was a nobleman of seven titles—being Lord William Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire, Marquis of Hartington, Earl of Devonshire, Earl of Burlington, Baron Cavendish of Hardwick and Baron Cavendish of Keighley; and he was the seventh, and last, successive Duke of Devonshire who was named William Cavendish. The present owner of Chatsworth is the first Duke, and the first Earl, of Devonshire who has not been christened William.

The road through Edensor to this “seventh wonder” crosses the river by a graceful bridge of three arches—whereon stand some striking figures carved by Cibber—and then joins the road from Rowsley, which for the most part has run side

by side with the Derwent. A third principal thoroughfare, from the north, meets the others just in front of the great house.

This is really a vast and magnificent building, finely placed at the foot of a high, tree-covered hill—the most imposing of backgrounds. From many points one has indeed a noble view of Chatsworth: perhaps the finest is from a southward hill, whence is seen, across a rich valley through which the Derwent winds, the house, with its mountainous and woody background and with a further prospect of dim and far-off hills. One cannot for a moment agree with the poetical Hobbes, nor even with good Bishop Kennet—who thinks the scenery needs an apology, and can only say that “though the situation seems to be somewhat horrid, this really adds to the beauty of it; the glorious house seems to be art insulting nature.” (Not, as a rule, a profitable occupation for art.)

The artist, indeed, coming fresh from Haddon, is apt to find that the builders of 1700 and their successors have lost the wonderful secrets of the Normans. If Chatsworth is the wonder of the Peak, Haddon has the romance: it is not so easy to be poetical about the achievements of Wyatville, or even—unless one is a Thackeray—of Paxton. Indeed, you may sum it up by saying that Chatsworth is a palace and Haddon a castle: for the most part a much more picturesque thing. Nevertheless, we have here a magnificent place, immense in size and simple in design. Its builder was the famous first Duke of Devonshire, who refused, Whig though he was, to be influenced by the Dutch style of architecture, then coming into fashion. He was a patron of the arts, something of a poet, and an excellent critic—Lord Roscommon, it is said, “always submitted all his poetry to him.” At any rate, he was entitled to an opinion of his own; and as his taste was for the classic in architecture, he built his house in the style which is called Palladian. It is a great quadrangle, about two hundred feet long, with four regular fronts, of which the most magnificent is the western; a northern wing was added early in this century, from designs by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville—in which the Corinthian, the Ionic, and the Doric are all to be found—and the same architect rebuilt the south and east fronts, and added a good deal.



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' BOWER.

The whole history of Chatsworth House has indeed been a history of gradual, and at first accidental, growth. It was, say the gossips, to “distract his mind from his country's ills” that the Earl of Devonshire—he was not Duke as yet—began to pull down and rebuild the south front of the older and smaller house. This was in 1688, when his country was certainly at its very worst; and the Earl called in Talman, the architect, and began to set his house in order—on such a scale that it seemed impossible that his successors should ever be able to complete it proportionately. He was only doing one quarter of the place, and was doing that in a fashion more than princely. However, when this was ended—and with it the worst of the nation's ills—its owner found that building was as excellent an outlet for good spirits as for bad; and in token of rejoicing he set to work and rebuilt the eastern front, also in the most magnificent manner.

This was a good deal, and when the Earl had thus presented himself with one-half of a stately palace he sat down to rest from his labours—and expenditures—for some six or seven years. But the building spirit, once raised, was not to be laid till the mighty work was done; and after this interval the Duke—he was a duke by this time—felt that he had to build that other half, and built it.

Many records have been kept of these years of change and growth, including an extremely interesting pile of bills. Sir Christopher Wren was one of the men of art employed, with Verrio, Laguerre, and Sir James Thornhill, “painters and decorators” in a rather larger sense than that which obtains nowadays. Cibber, father of Colley, did much of the carving in stone; and a local artist named Samuel Watson, a South Derbyshire man, appears to deserve most of the credit of the wonderful wood-carving of the place. It is true that this credit is generally given to Grinling Gibbons, but there seems



THE RIVER IN THE PARK, NEAR THE HOUSE.

This Duchess was by reputation beautiful—one of the many ballads about her is called "The Piccadilly Beauty"—yet one is inclined to think that her face was rather charming than regularly handsome. But there can be no question about the beauty of her successor, who was, as it chanced, her intimate friend. This was Elizabeth Foster, who, three years after the first Duchess's death, married the widower, William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, called by Court gossip "the first match in England." Elizabeth is still famous as the "beautiful Duchess of Devonshire," and her portrait by Gainsborough, dear to all art-lovers, has taken brevet-rank as one of the world's masterpieces.

The chronicles of the owners of Chatsworth are not to be resumed in a brief column or so; yet they are exclusively the history of one great family. Until Sir William Cavendish, the brother of Wolsey's faithful follower, purchased the estate—which was about halfway through the sixteenth century—the chronicles only tell us that at the Conquest a Peveril of the Peak held it for the Crown, and that in Domesday it is named as "Chetesuorde," from one of its Saxon owners.

The Cavendishes were descended from that Chief Justice who, in Richard the Second's time, was beheaded by the mob because his son had killed Wat Tyler. They were on the King's side in the Civil War too. The first Sir William Cavendish was grandfather of the "loyal Duke of Newcastle," who in December 1643 took Chatsworth for King Charles and garrisoned it under Colonel Eyre; it had previously been garrisoned for the Parliament by troops under Sir John Gell. Nearly two years later, Colonel Shalcross, with a fresh garrison from the Earl of Newcastle's house of Welbeck and a skirmishing force of three hundred horsemen, held it for the King when it was surrounded by Major Mollanus with four hundred foot. But the Major was called off by Colonel Gell.

In the direct line from the builder of Chatsworth come those eight Dukes of Devonshire whose record is as spotless and as distinguished as that of any one of the great families of England. William, the second son of Bess of Hardwick, was made Earl of Devonshire in 1618; and his great-grandson was the famous fourth Earl and first Duke of Devonshire, the friend of Algernon Sydney and of Earl Russell, and one of the foremost among those who risked all to make the Prince of Orange King of England.

William, "first Duke," is, indeed, one of the most complete and fascinating figures of his time—a man whose "blood was warm within him," a gallant, a sporting man, a poet: the first in all pleasures, handsome, tall, accomplished: he was a statesman and a patriot as well. Much of his history reminds one of the "Three Musketeers"—whom, indeed, he fought singlehanded on the stage of a Paris theatre, where they had insulted and attacked him: though the cowardly trio can hardly have been the original Porthos, Athos, and Aramis. But surely the spirit of D'Artagnan was strong in the Earl himself when he tried to persuade his noble friend, Lord Russell, to escape disguised in his clothes!

His most famous and unluckiest exploit was performed upon a bully named Colepepper, whom he "took by the nose and led" out of one room in the royal palace of Whitehall into another, and there severely caned. For this he was condemned to pay the enormous sum of £30,000; an amount not remitted, even though—if the most miserable of all stories of royal ingratitude be true—bonds for double the amount, signed by Charles I. and Charles II., for money given to them by the Cavendishes in their days of trouble, were offered in payment to King James. It gives, perhaps, a crowning touch to this monarch's infamy that he should have dishonoured the signatures of his father and his brother.

However, when the little Dutchman came in, all went well, and the Duke of Devonshire in his palace of Chatsworth was one of the greatest men of the realm. He was, of course, a leader of the great Whig party, to which his successors have ever since belonged; but he had more than once the chance to prove himself above party spirit—and did prove it. Henry Cavendish, the philosopher, was his grandson; another grandson—the third Duke—was for seven years a pleasant and popular Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The fourth Duke was also Lord Lieutenant, and afterwards became Prime Minister. His marriage with one of the foremost heiresses of the day—the daughter of Lord Burlington—united the Cavendishes to the great families of Clifford and Boyle; and it was an Earl of Burlington, his grandson, who became Duke of Devonshire on the death of the sixth Duke without issue.

To this sixth Duke, William Spencer Cavendish, belongs much of the glory of the gardens of Chatsworth. Even in the days of the older house they were famous for

The sweetest walks the world can show:
There wood and war, sun and shade, contend
Which shall the most delight and most befriend
There grass and gravel in one path you meet
For ladies' tender and men's harder feet.

But by the help of Sir Joseph Paxton the Duke made his pleasure-ground a dwelling-place for rare flowers, of extraordinary beauty and extent. I have spoken of the conservatory; but, besides this, there is quite a village of flower palaces, in which orchids, mammoth water-lilies, all manner of wonderful and lovely things, have their homes. There is an arboretum, too, of about a hundred acres.

And there are other famous things, besides the flower-beds and acres of kitchen garden, which one cannot but notice; though these, as being exclusively and peculiarly the handiwork of man, have, perhaps, to some extent had their day. There is, for example, a giant cascade, which tumbles and tosses downhill in an extraordinary way for some three hundred yards, from a temple adorned with an amazing quantity of mythical beings, into masses of rocks, among which it disappears to find its way underground to the river.

Of the house, the gardens, and some of the past owners of Chatsworth, some little account has now been given; of its late and present masters none is needed. Both have maintained and added to the special honour of their house: the firm and simple integrity, the unostentatious knowledge and power, the devotion to the science of learning or the science of ruling. The late Duke, after the most brilliant and almost unrivalled of University careers—he was, as everyone knows, senior classic and second wrangler and Smith's prizeman—lived a life of almost unbroken retirement from public strife, aiding science, developing the resources of his country, loved by his tenants. And of his son and successor one can use but one word—a word hourly misused, but here inevitable. Since the death of Lord Iddesleigh, the present Duke has been the typical gentleman of English politics.

One word, but only one, must of necessity be added: a record of the sole tragedy of the House of Devonshire. Most of the great families had their stories of battle and murder and sudden death, at latest in the days of the Civil War or the Revolution; but it was in our own peaceful time, barely ten years ago, that a son of the House of Cavendish met with his terrible fate. Lord Frederick Cavendish—a young statesman, modest and well liked, no man's enemy—was murdered in Phoenix Park: murdered foully and causelessly, and even, as it was said, in a sense accidentally, before he had been twenty-four hours at his perilous post.

EDWARD ROSE.

THE LITTLE CHRONICLE.

If there is much truth in the belief which supplies half the argument against bull-baiting, cock-fighting, exhibitions of "the noble art of self-defence," and some other amusements of a bygone time, we are in a baddish way at present. The notion was that such spectacles "brutalised the people"; nursing in them the terrible fascination of dwelling on pain and bloodshed which was called mysterious before Darwin wrote, and which does lurk in most of us, even the kindest. And the truth is that as a civilised people we are very much mixed. No breeding is a guarantee against occasional reversion of character to a remote point of savagery, on which account "the brutalising of the people" is a danger to which the lowest classes are not exclusively exposed. And surely it can do none of us good to take a newspaper surfeit of atrocious murders and manglings day after day for months, served up with every detail that the most morbid mind can be thought capable of relishing. Perhaps it would be too much to say positively that murder in one place, when noised abroad, begets murder in another, and suicide suicide; but it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that they do when we see that, while little of either is reported for many months at a stretch, there are times when one ghastly crime succeeds another at intervals of a few days. We are now in such a period; it has lasted longer than any other within memory; and none has been more crowded with the horrors of the shambles. At every third or fourth day there is a new story of strangling, braining, hacking, dismembering sorts of murder (not to speak of sensational poisoning cases), or of the most ghastly kind of suicide; and these stories are reported with so much regard for realism that half the newspapers are to the mind's eye as if they had been used by the butcher for wrappings. Now, supposing that murder does become epidemic in the way imagined, it is obvious that the newspapers should be careful of what they are about. It is all well enough to report "Ripper" atrocities, Deeming butcheries, Glasgow mysteries, Oldham horrors, and the like—that is part of the business of journalism, as also it is to tell us of whatever "romantic suicides" are committed; but it is a serious matter for consideration that the "sensational" publication of such news may bring more of such business to the reporters, and it is something to the purpose that a good many readers are sickened after a while by tales of blood which make "penny dreadfuls" of the most respectable news-sheets. It would be well (the suggestion has been offered before in this place) if newspaper editors could come to some agreement for regulating the supply of such matter. A large number of them are in association for other purposes, and others might be expected to combine for this.

A murder with a moral is rather uncommon, but the one that has made the greatest noise of late does convey a lesson, which is thus set forth by a commentator who might have been supposed hostile to capital punishment: "Thomas Neill had already been condemned to penal servitude for life on the other side of the Atlantic for an offence which was construed as manslaughter; but his health became so bad that he was released to die—as it was thought—among his friends. This clemency has cost the lives of three women, and very possibly of others of whom we know nothing. And his narrow escape from the hangman and his experience of the horrors of penal servitude, presumably for life, had evidently no effect whatever upon his character. It is a case that gives pause to the philanthropist, and one that our analysts of the criminal temperament must carefully consider."

Winter is at hand, and as it approaches the general fear that a continuous and increasing "depression of trade" will soon tell sorely on working folk becomes more manifest. Things may not be so bad as they seem; but, however that may be, it is many a year since the expectation of a hard winter for the poor has been so common. Statesmen who are usually slow to give voice to anticipations of that kind have openly avowed them, and it is significant of the same thing that (according to report) "the Local Government Board has issued, through the Home Office, a memorandum to the police superintendents of the Metropolis, asking them to obtain a list of all persons in their districts who will be able, during the ensuing winter, to employ unskilled labour, casual or permanent." What the intention and effect of this may be is not clear. Presumably, it is a means of obtaining information as to the winter's prospects. It can hardly be anything in the nature of a requisition, though possibly it may be meant as an intimation that whosoever can make employment for unskilled labour during the winter months should in kindness prepare to do so at once. Supposing that to be the case (and no reproach is implied in this interpretation of the memorandum), the action of the Local Government Board is about as significant as anything that can be brought into the chronicle of the day. To call it a new departure would be to say little; for of such departures there is no knowing what the end may be. A suggestion to similar effect has been made by Mr. Arnold White in plain terms; but then Mr. White is not the Local Government Board. Admitting that "the unemployed, as a class, are the unfit, or, at all events, the less fit, members of the community," he proceeds to say that they must be provided for all the same; and he then urges the adoption of the following plan. Whosoever is able and willing to help a family "whose breadwinner is out of work though no fault of his own to tide over the winter" should send in the name of said breadwinner to a central committee, stating what, if any, religious body is to administer the help. The committee will then communicate "the name of the giver to the clergyman, pastor, priest, rabbi, guru, moulvie, Salvationist, Charity Organisation Society committee, or other spiritual or lay agency of repute already in existence," and the thing is done. Mr. White's calculation being that the average cost of helping an unemployed family from November to March would be about eight pounds, and that fifty thousand helpers of one family each would tide over the winter in London. It is there that the worst is apprehended, as a result of the flocking to the capital of so many men who are thrown out of work by agricultural depression and the decline of factory employment. A sad look-out, especially considering that impatience of poverty is preached as a merit nowadays; yet nothing that is known forbids the hope that the general expectation of distress and disturbance is exaggerated.

It is unlucky that the injustice that drove Merriman, the police-constable, to suicide should have been coincident with the mutinous temper that has appeared among the soldiery. No matter what the facts may be, the one thing reflects upon the other, and will dispose many people to believe that the men of the 1st Life Guards were at first badly treated and afterwards severely punished for taking and showing offence. This is unfortunate, and the further harm that was done when Merriman received such thoughtless but not less cruel usage, was fully illustrated by the scene at his funeral. It is no insignificant thing that of the comparatively small number of his comrades who could have been off duty at the

time three hundred followed him to the grave. No man of sense who witnessed that procession could have viewed it without concern, or without a feeling of anger against the stupidity (putting justice out of the question) of those who virtually contrived the sight.

Isn't it the practice to license vivisection, forbidding it to all whose standing in their profession and whose known character and attainments do not offer a guarantee against abuse? If not, the sooner such a rule is established and enforced the better. The knowledge that vivisection is not permitted to every student, but only to a few men of superior grade who may be trusted to make no wanton hit-or-miss experiments, or ever to torture through ignorance or indifference, would be a comfort to the public mind, while science would fare none the worse.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Dean of Westminster at the time these lines are written is better, though still very weak. His friendship with Lord Tennyson was strengthened by, if it did not originate in, a circumstance I have not seen referred to in the newspapers. The present Lord Tennyson was educated at Marlborough when Dr. Bradley was head master. The Laureate greatly interested himself in the school, and paid several visits to it, during which he threw aside his habitual reserve and was singularly genial and accessible.

The *Church Quarterly Review* is sharing the fate of nearly all quarterlies. It does not pay its way, and an appeal is being circulated for two hundred additional subscribers. It is to be hoped that it will be successful, for the *Review* has from the beginning been conducted with marked ability, a proof of which may be found in the fact that old numbers command a very high price. Its position may be generally described as that of the *Guardian*, both theologically and ecclesiastically. Under the editorship of Mr. C. Knight Watson, it has held on its way, maintaining a high average of excellence. It has done a great deal to fill the place of the *Christian Remembrancer*, that tomb of so much good literature.

The monthly organ of the Evangelicals, the *Churchman*, is now to be edited by Archdeacon Sinclair—a circumstance which will probably bring it out of its obscurity, as the Archdeacon is known to have the courage of his opinions and the power to express them forcibly.

Canon Liddon's volume of Lectures and Essays, just issued by Messrs. Longman, is a little of a disappointment—not in quality, but in quantity. It is quite a small volume, and contains two lectures on Buddhism, two lectures on St. Paul, and three papers on Dante. The first four lectures were apparently delivered in St. Paul's, and, though popular in form, have many merits of careful study, and, it is needless to say, are written with perfect grace and care. The papers on Dante and Aquinas and Dante and the Franciscans, though very unpretending, are a real contribution to literature.

Since taking over the business of Messrs. Rivington, the great house of Longman have become the leading Church publishers. They continue with undiminished vigour the work of their predecessors. Among their most recent issues is a volume of sermons by Canon Scott Holland, in which this fine preacher attains his highest point. Canon Holland is becoming quieter and more mellow in style, and this decidedly increases his effect.

One of the raciest diocesan conferences is that of Manchester. The bold, witty, and unconventional addresses of the Bishop are in themselves enough to attract attention. Considering the notorious unwillingness of bishops to ticket themselves, it is amusing to read that Dr. Moorhouse said, replying to a complaint that he promoted people of different parties: "If he began to promote people for their subjective views of what was true, whose subjective views, thought they, would be his standard? His or theirs? Obviously his; and then he would promote nobody but Broad Churchmen, no Low Churchmen, and no High Churchmen."

The Bishop declared himself inclined to yield the part of popular control in schools. They had reached such a pass, he said, that it must be necessary to take the vote and submit to the consequences—to take the money and eat the leek.

The Church of England Bishop of Jerusalem, the Right Rev. G. Popham Blyth, appeals to the English public for subscriptions to a fund for building a college, with a chapel and an official residence for the Bishop and clergy. The cost will be £3000 for the site and £13,000 for the buildings. It is stated that "rent and the cost of land are daily rising in Jerusalem, and will continue to do so." But we are told that the vendors of the ground near the reputed Golgotha or Calvary supposed to contain the real Holy Sepulchre are now willing to accept £3000 for prompt payment.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "Twenty-Five Years in the Secret Service," by Henri le Caron. (Heinemann.)
- "Egypt To-Day," by W. Fraser Rae. (Bentley.)
- "The Gods of Olympus; or, Mythology of the Greeks and Romans." Translated and edited from the twentieth edition of A. H. Petiscus, by Katherine A. Raleigh. With a preface by Jane E. Harrison. (F. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Social Life in England, 1660-1690," by W. Connor Sydney. (Ward and Downey.)
- "Sacharissa. Some Account of Dorothy Sidney, Countess of Sunderland," by Julia Cartwright. (Seeley and Co.)
- "Conversations of Dr. Döllinger," by Louise von Kobell. (Bentley.)
- "Notes of a Naturalist: An Account of Observations made during the Voyage of H.M.S. Challenger round the World in the Years 1872-1876," by H. N. Moseley. (John Murray.)
- "The New Exodus," by Harold Frederic. (Heinemann.)
- "Letters of G. E. Jewsbury to Jane Welsh Carlyle." Edited by Mrs. Alex. Ireland. (Longmans.)
- "A Ring of Rubies," by L. T. Meade. (A. D. Innes and Co.)
- "The Girls and I," by Mrs. Molesworth. (Macmillan.)
- "Christ is All." Sermons from New Testament Texts on various Aspects of the Glory and Work of Christ. By H. C. G. Moule. *Preachers of the Age Series*. (Sampson Low.)
- "Plain Words on Great Themes," by J. Oswald Dykes. *Preachers of the Age Series*. (Sampson Low.)
- "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter," by Tom Cobbleigh. *Pseudonym Library*. (F. Fisher Unwin.)
- "A Voyage of Discovery," by Hamilton Aidé. (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.)
- "The Story of My House," by G. H. Ellwanger. (G. Bell and Sons.)
- "Res Judicata: Papers and Essays," by Augustine Birrell. Second edition. (Elliot Stock.)
- "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford." (F. Fisher Unwin.)

"DAYS IN" AND OUT OF "CLOVER." AN ANGLING MISADVENTURE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

For me to review the Amateur Angler's "Days in Clover" (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) would indeed be an act of shameless "log-rolling." For the Amateur Angler consecrates one of his pleasing papers to a little book of my own concerning the art in which we both confess ourselves to be enthusiastic but incompetent—complete bunglers. The Amateur Angler has a sincere love of the country and the water-side, of trout, and Izaak Walton and the Ettrick Shepherd, and he prattles of these matters in a way delightful to the contemplative man. A respectful sympathy for another fisher, whose basket is full of splendid rises, and of very little else, I may be allowed to express. He, too, can get a moral victory over trout—can raise them, but fails to strike them so as to hook them, and that is just my case. If I strike quick I break the gut, if I strike slow nothing occurs, and the Amateur's experience is the same. Only last week a salmon thrice took a liberty with my fly. I tried him both ways, striking and not striking, and to no avail. They must arrange those matters themselves; they do sometimes. I was wagging the rod, half asleep, when the line would not come back. A fish had arranged it for himself, and presently was running out about sixty

got the anchor up, and landed on the steep, grassy bank, the fish never showing but boring down and across. After passing under the low, pendent boughs of a tree on the bank, the fish stopped dead, sulking. The angler pulled on him from below, from above, every way; but the dead strain and thrill of the line persuaded us that he was under a rock. We took boat, crossed, and tried him from the opposite bank. He would not stir. Then we rowed over him, and his captor splashed with the oars over his head. Then, indeed, he started up stream, but in a curious way. He was clearly dragging something heavy with him. However, he was on the move. We landed on the original bank, and he made a start. Then the line came back without the hook, the stout gut was literally worn through—all white, frayed, and ragged. We never had a view of that fish, but he felt heavy on the rod; and they run up to fifty pounds in that river.

There was no use in lamenting: a good fly was lost, we put on another, pulled up stream again, and began fishing. Almost at the old place I rose a salmon, and had scarce bewailed his escape when my friend again said, "Here he is!" There he was indeed: off he went at a great pace, rolling over at the end of his rush, and showing a big silvery side. We landed again, the fish running free and plunging. Again we passed under the low boughs of the tree, when the fortunate angler exclaimed, "He is fixed again!" There was no doubt of it,

might have landed three or four fish, perhaps half a dozen—who knows? Next day not a salmon would rise. What became of the two hooked fish—whether they are still fast to that tree or not—I cannot tell. The odds are that they went on their way rejoicing, not a penny the worse, for a fish reckons not of a hook in his jaws. An old gilly on the Naver, a most truthful man, told me the following anecdote—

He was fishing the Helmsdale, and hooked a salmon in a pool above a fall. The fish ran down stream, and Norman saw his idea: he would descend the fall and break him. So Norman (that is not his real name) ran down before his fish, and waited for him below. The salmon took the leap, but as there was no strain on the line he did not break it. Norman landed him; he was hooked on a Popham, and, "as Norman is a living and honourable man"—there were three other Pophams in that salmon's mouth! He had a perfect collection of Pophams; he had done the trick four times, but the fourth was fatal. I know Norman to be a truthful man, and no flatterer. When the river was very low, and he had hooked a fish, it was suggested that I should play and land him. "It would be a pity," said Norman, "to lose the only salmon!" That kind of man would not invent what old Richard Franck calls "a foolish fly-story." The Amateur Angler has misgivings about "cruelty." Let him dismiss them. Fish, if they feel, do not feel as we do. A



BETWEEN TWO FORKS.

yards of line. That was a "day in clover," for he was a big one; but defeats in fishing are more agreeable to write about than victories. After recommending "Days in Clover" to the studious fisherman as a pleasant, unaffected, and innocent record of good sport and bad, and of rural impressions, I would like to tell a tale of such utter grief as the Amateur Angler does not know, for he sticks to trout and grayling.

The river was high and drumly—too high to fish from the banks, and far too high for wading. We took a boat, with no boatman, unluckily, and fished in the only possible way. You anchor her with a big stone; you fish, beginning with a short line, and increasing the length at each cast, till you reach your limit. Then you heave up the anchor, drift down a few yards, anchor again, and start afresh. My companion began early, and was landing a seventeen-pound fish when I reached the water-side. How he got the anchor up and won the bank without assistance is a mystery, but he managed it. Then we solemnly fished the whole pool, with never a rise except from an impudent trout. After luncheon the clouds gathered, a lurid greenish-grey, the rain fell in a rush of tepid water, the stream was of a leaden hue, the dripping woods hung heavy around us. It was hard work to pull the boat up stream, above the stump, a leafless tree on the bank. I fished on the left, my friend on the right. Presently a tug came to my fly, when the rod was pointing straight down stream. But he would not make a fresh offer, and I own that I was too lazy to change the fly. "Here he is!" said my friend; his line had swept down on the expectant salmon, which rushed seawards with a great deal of welcome screaming from the reel. We

he had been allowed to reach the old stronghold. This time we took the boat at once, rowed right over him, and put on all possible strain. But he never budged. It became only too clear that he was fast in some submerged tree, or large branch, brought down by the floods. Then began a melancholy experience. We tried to hook the branch up with the gaff. Here we needed a boatman. I held the rod, my friend pulled the boat up above the fish, and then groped deep with the gaff. But the water was thick and dark, the stream was racing madly, the boat would always swing aside or float below, and I confess that a ducking seemed the most probable end of the wretched adventure. At last the gaff caught; but the branch broke, and we only brought up a few twigs of elm-tree. This made the fish move in a series of short, heavy plunges, to which the rod thrilled strangely. But he stopped again, and we kept rowing over him, gaffing wildly at the invisible tree, and sweeping out of reach again. At last darkness came on. There was no help for us; we pulled at the line, and it broke above the gut.

So ended our day's fishing: it was not a "day in clover." "Piscium summo genus hæsit ulmo," quoted my friend gloomily as we walked home in the rain, heart-broken, with empty baskets. Horace proved a *vates*, a prophet as well as a poet: the tribe of fishes had stuck in the topmost boughs of the elm. And it was not only lost flies and lost fish that we deplored, it was lost time. The capricious salmon, for once, had been rising rarely. In a very few casts we had raised four, if the first which was hooked was the fish which had risen at my line. But for that abominable tree we

hook more or less is nothing to their hard, horny lips. This autumn I saw a very small trout taken on a fly. He had also a huge rusty sea-trout fly deep in his gullet, and half a yard of thick gut sticking out of his mouth, in addition to the fly that caught him. How he broke the thick gut is a mystery, but the big hook deep in his throat did not interfere with his healthy appetite. The Amateur Angler, I hope, will console himself with these pregnant facts, when next he is so unlike himself as to hook a trout or grayling. They don't mind it in the least. And why wouldn't he "bag a growing or an undersized trout or salmon"? *Passé pour le truit*, but who would put back a grise because he is "growing"? Not the Amateur Angler, I am sure, if he had the chance.

A musical setting, in manuscript, by Sir Herbert Oakeley, of the opening verses of Lord Tennyson's "In Memoriam"—"Strong Son of God"—has been graciously accepted by her Majesty. The composition has been rehearsed in Canterbury Cathedral.

It is generally stated, says the *British Medical Journal*, that influenza was the immediate cause of the death of the Poet Laureate; and Dr. Dabbs informs us that, for about thirty-six hours after the case began to grow rapidly alarming, the symptoms were, in his opinion, markedly those of influenza. The case, however, was, in its main features, one of a break-up of natural powers. Only (Dr. Dabbs writes) the wonderful watchfulness of others had kept him alive and well so long.



AUTUMN.—BY C. WÜNNENBERG.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. E. ALBERT, MUNICH.

ART NOTES.

The winter picture shows are beginning to open their doors, Messrs. Tooth and Mr. McLean being, as usual, foremost in the field. The former show more than customary hospitality to English artists, although many of the most important works by them have already been seen. Among such are Mr. H. Herkomer's "First-Born," in which the figures of the labourer and his wife play a very subordinate part in the village landscape, and Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Sculptor's Gallery," which will ever rank among the artist's finest compositions. The chief attraction of the gallery, however, is Sir John Millais's "Lingering Autumn," a poetic treatment of a landscape over which the latter rains have spread a mellow colouring. The distant outline of the blue hills standing out sharp against the frosty air is, perhaps, a trifle over-accentuated, but the brown grass and bracken of the foreground, the faded colours of the once bright trees, and the grey sky recall some of the gifted artist's most memorable landscape work. Mr. D. Farquharson, who has been painting in South Devon, contributes a clever, but somewhat colourless, picture of Seaton Marsh. Mr. Leader sends a couple of Welsh coast-scenes, Mr. H. W. B. Davis a small cabinet picture of Loch Marce, and Mr. Vicat Cole a most charming view of Windsor from the Brocas meadow. Among the figure-painters, Mr. Marcus Stone, a rare exhibitor outside the walls of Burlington House, is represented in both the galleries, but his "Companions" at Messrs. Tooth's is the more typical work, with its graceful laziness of the young girl playing with a kitten in an old English garden bathed in bright sunlight. Mr. J. Farquharson's "Egyptian Shepherd," Mr. W. H. Trood's dog-pictures, and Mr. Walter Shaw's rolling surf against the rocks off the Start are among the other attractions of the gallery.

Among the foreign pictures, W. Bouguereau's "Distraction" is too much like a dozen other academic works by the same artist, which bear witness to his amazing deftness and sureness of hand; but for real interest it falls far below Dagnan-Bouveret's "Breton Peasant," with his soft, long face, in which simplicity and cunning seem to be equally present. The greenish jacket bound with black is a picturesque costume, but it is neither dignified nor imposing; yet it suits well the purposes of a painter who prefers a limited palette. Rosa Bonheur shows herself in two very distinct phases of her art—"The Lion at Home," which won so much admiration a few years back, and "Happy Rest," a flock of sheep on one of the sunlit green patches in the Forest of Fontainebleau. Peyrot Bonheur's "Pasturage in Auvergne" and V. Binet's striking landscape near Quillebeuf, on the Lower Seine, are among the most attractive and original works of their kind, although one cannot admit them to be faithful transcripts of nature.

At Mr. McLean's the most original picture is M. Vastagh Geza's "Happy Family," a fine study of tigers, which should have been placed beside Mlle. Rosa Bonheur's "Lion at Home" or Mr. R. Friese's "Monarch of the Jungle," both of which are in the adjoining gallery. Munkacsy's "Fair Embroideress" contains some clever bits of light falling on the young girl and her work-frame; and both Harlamoff and Max Gaisner are up to their usual level of clever technique. One turns, however, with relief to such fresh work as Mr. Vicat Cole's view of the woods near Arundel and Mr. C. Clausen's "Crow-Starving," which represents a boy with a rattle running over a newly sown field. There is a poetry about the one and a reality about the other which quite reconcile us to the position which English painters are about to take in support of their art.

The Camera Club, perhaps the most recently established home of "art and ease," invites those who are interested in photography to an exhibition of pictures illustrative of the progress of that art during the past year. On this friendly ground amateurs and professionals meet in a spirit of generous rivalry, and it must be admitted that in the production of artistic work the amateurs at least hold their own. Nothing, for instance, could be more delicate and picturesque than Mr. Rowland Briaud's "Winter Fog" (128) and "A Reed-fringed Mere" (22), or more distinctively art-work than Mr. J. S. Berghem's studies of heads, in which the hard outlines which place photographic portraits at a disadvantage wholly disappear. Colonel Gale's set of outdoor studies also show us great a mastery over the art as the series exhibited by the veteran professional, Mr. Frank Sutcliffe, of Whitby, who years ago attracted the favourable notice of Mr. Ruskin. The series representing the ordination of a Parsee priest, by Mr. Shalpoor N. Bhedwar, is interesting in every way, and may be regarded as a novel use of photography. Mr. George Davison's series of small landscapes shows a very keen appreciation of what is truly picturesque and at the same time within the scope of his art. Mr. H. Peach Robinson, especially in his large picture "Gossip on the Beach" (42), seems, on the other hand, to miss its limitations, and bold as his attempt is to give the effect of a rippling sea, the result is hard and somewhat heavy. The screen devoted to portraits and memorials of the late Lord Tennyson is full of interest, Mrs. Julia Cameron and Mr. Hay Cameron being the principal contributors.

The Camera Club, which has arranged this exhibition for all who take an intelligent interest in photography, is, in a word, "an institution," as our Transatlantic cousins would say. It offers, under the roof of its fine building in Charing Cross Avenue, not only social and artistic resources to its members, but provides them with rooms, apparatus, and "casements" for the full pursuit of their special branch of art. It possesses a library which is not surpassed by any in works dealing with photography and its numerous derivatives—a carpenter's room, with a lathe and every possible tool for constructing anything, from a camera to a picture-frame. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that there is a large room fitted with the latest form of camera, where members can take their own or one another's portraits, and make such scientific experiments as research or imagination may suggest, the results of which can be treated in a dozen or so "dark-rooms," where the mysteries of the art have to be carried to perfection. The usual attractions of an ordinary club in the way of dining, billiard, and smoking rooms are also provided, and from all accounts appear to be as successfully managed as the more distinctive features of the place. It is not, perhaps, surprising to find that, with so much to recommend it, the Camera Club already reckons upwards of seven hundred members, amongst whom may be found the most distinguished photographers—amateurs and professional—of this and other countries in the Old and New Worlds.

A collision took place on the Pacific Ocean coast of North America, on Oct. 8, between the Premier, a steamship of the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company, and a steam collier going from British Columbia to San Francisco. Five lives were lost, and some of those on board the Premier were badly hurt by the crushing in of the side of the ship.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, G. A. R. (Guildford).—You will see in the solution below the veil lifted from the mystery.

R. KELLY (of Kelly).—To hand, with thanks.

N. FIDDEN (Bristol).—Very pleased to hear from you again, and enclosure most acceptable.

MRS. W. J. BAIRD (Brighton).—You will certainly hear nothing to the contrary, and we only hope the problems will prove as accurate as your conclusions.

G. C. H. (Newcastle).—Much obliged for papers. We congratulate you on your success.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2521 received from P. V. (Trinidad) and B. L. Cumberland (Durham, Natal); of No. 2522 from J. Holleman (Potchefstroom), B. L. Cumberland, and P. V.; of Nos. 2523 and 2527 from P. V. (Trinidad); of No. 2524 from Dr. E. S. T. S. (South Yardley), Shadforth, and Jose Syder (Barahia); of No. 2525 from Fitz Warren, W. F. Payne, R. Blackall, Henry Buttignony (Triece), T. S. (South Yardley), and J. D. Tucker (Leeds).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2532 received from Shadforth, B. E. H., I. Desanges, J. D. Tucker, T. Roberts, Alpha, Julia Short (Exeter), R. H. Brooks, Blair, H. Cochran (Clew), C. E. Peruzzi, W. F. Payne, W. R. B. (Plymouth), L. Schill (Vienna), Howich, Joseph Willcock (Chester), W. R. Rattem, Arnott, W. P. Hind (Seaford), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Li Calsi, Miss M. Guise (Deal), Fr. Fernando (Glasgow), R. S. Brandreth, E. Lander, Dr. F. S. G. (Jocoy), P. J. Knight, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J. Coad, Sorrento (Dawlish), Martin F., William Guy, jun. (Johnstone), Admiral Brandreth, and A. Newman.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2530.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

WHITE.
1. B to Kt 8th
2. Q takes P
3. Kt mates.

BLACK.
K to B 3rd
K to Kt 4th

If Black play 1. P to B 5th, 2. Q to B 5th (ch); if 1. K to K 4th, 2. Q to Kt 5th (ch), K to K 3rd, and 3. Kt mates.

SOLUTION OF MR. HEATHCOTE'S PROBLEM.

WHITE.
1. R to Q R 2nd
2. Q to Q B sq
3. Q or P mates.

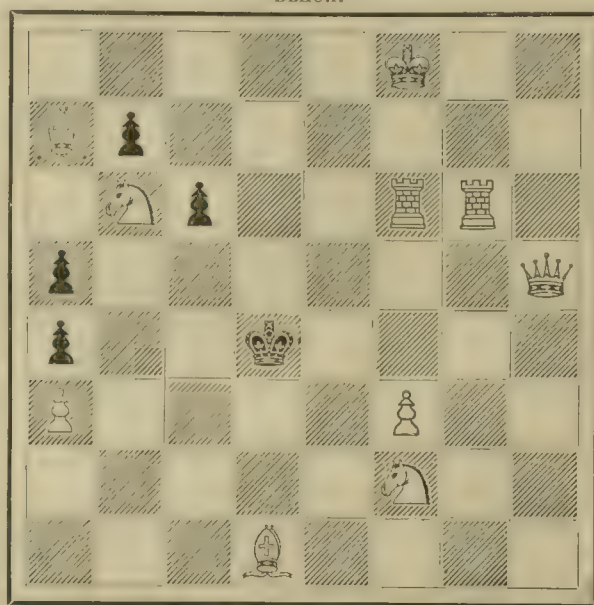
BLACK.
K to B 4th
K moves

If Black play 1. P to B 3rd, 2. Q to R 3rd; and if 1. B takes P, then 2. Q to R sq, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2531.

By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game from Le Monde Illustré Correspondence Tourney between M. GASPRAY and Professor BERGER.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (M. G.)	BLACK (Prof. B.)	WHITE (M. G.)	BLACK (Prof. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	20. Q to R 2nd	B to Kt 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	21. Kt to B 5th	Q R to K sq
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	22. P takes B	Q takes B
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	23. Castles	
5. P to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th		
6. B to Kt 3rd	B to K 2nd		
7. P to B 3rd	P to Q 4th		
8. Q to K 2nd	P takes P		
9. P takes P	Castles		
10. Q Kt to Q 2nd			

The opening is on well-known lines, familiarised by Steinitz, Tschigorin, and others recently. The points of this game are in the middle and end play.

11. Kt to B sq	B to Q 3rd	24. Kt to R 3rd	B to B sq
12. B to Q 2nd	Kt to K 2nd	25. Kt takes Kt P	R to Q sq
13. B to B 2nd	B to Kt 2nd		
14. P to K R 4th	Q to B 3rd		
15. Kt to Kt 5th			

Intending, as will be seen, to stay in this position at all hazards.

16. P to B 3rd	P to R 3rd	26. Kt to B 5th	B takes Kt
17. P to B 3rd	P to Kt 5th	27. K P takes B	K to R 2nd
		28. P to R 3rd	R to Q 5th
		29. B to B 4th	Q to B 3rd
		30. B to Kt 3rd	Kt takes K Kt P
		31. P takes Kt	R takes K Kt P
		32. R to R 2nd	K R to Kt sq
		33. R to Kt 2nd	P to B 3rd

It is pretty clear that the capture of the Kt would lead to a fatal attack with White's Queen and Rook. This move attacks White's weak point.

17. P to Kt 4th	P takes P	34. Q to R sq	Kt to B 5th
18. P takes P	Kt to Kt 3rd		
19. Kt to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 5th		

White resigns.

A short, friendly match was arranged during Mr. Bird's recent visit to Newcastle between the veteran master and our esteemed correspondent Mr. G. C. Heywood, Chess Editor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, on the following terms: Three games were to be played; in three Mr. Bird conceded the odds of Pawn and move, and in three more the odds of Pawn and two moves. Those who know the strength of the Newcastle player could not but appreciate how formidable was Mr. Bird's task, and were little surprised by the result. Of the three level games, Mr. Bird won two and lost one; in the next series one was lost on each side and one drawn; and of the Pawn and two games one was drawn and two won by Mr. Heywood. The final score, therefore, was Heywood 4, Bird 3, drawn 2.

The winter tournament of the City of London Chess Club began on Monday, Oct. 17, in a crowded room of the Guildhall Tavern, and is now going on continuously, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. The result of the week's play, among the first class, is given here, but there are a good many games of the round not yet decided. The following players won their first game: Messrs. Booth, Curdock, Fazan, Gibbons, Percy Howell, Huckle, H. Jones, Kip, Mocatta, Physick, Vyse, G. Williams, and C. J. Wood; and the following drew their first game: Messrs. A. Howell, H. Jacobs, E. O. Jones, and A. J. Mars.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Ever since those distant days when the fierce reproaches of the Hebrew prophets were poured forth on the women who used paints and washes and powders to enhance the charms which nature had given them, our sex has proved in a similar way that it has consistently appreciated the importance of looking as pretty as circumstances permit. Indeed, every sensible woman will candidly admit the great consequence to a woman's career of an appearance as attractive as may be. Even a man gets on all the better for being not unpleasant in the sight of others; but (owing, of course, to the weakness of the other sex, on whom mere looks ought not to make any impression, but who are, in fact—poor things!—generally the slaves of their eyes) a woman who is downright ugly has to carry a heavy weight in the handicap of life. Such a one must be very clever or very agreeable before she reaches the point, whether in business or society, at which the better-looking one starts. Since appearance is of so much practical consequence, therefore, sensible women are not ashamed of giving it a portion of their care and thought. As John Wesley said that he did not see why all bright melody should be left to the powers of evil, so likewise there can be no reason why women who are good and clever should resign being pretty to those others who are content to be that and nothing else. The nobler gifts of the mind and heart add, indeed, greatly to the power of external beauty, and the most charming woman is she who displays all together in the highest perfection. As old Wither said—

She that I have praised so
Yields delight for reason too:
Who could doat on thing so common
As mere outward-handsome woman?
Such half-beauties only win
Fools to let affection in.

The practical difficulty is to strike just the happy mean in this matter: to give the face and form proper care without neglecting the more precious things of the mind and soul, and any woman's practical sense and capacity may be fairly gauged by the success with which she accomplishes the entire task.

Lady Colin Campbell has translated from the French a manual of toilet advice, designed, and to a considerable extent really likely, to be useful in the care of the person. It is issued by Messrs. Cassell, under the title of "The Lady's Dressing-Room." Baroness Staffe, the authoress, says that it is her desire to avoid suggesting any courses savouring of tricks and falsehood. "I recognise only the woman who is anxious to keep the head of her family at her side, and to learn by common-sense the means of retaining for him alone the charms which have been given her." The lady's dressing-room, the wily Baroness advises, should be regarded as her private sanctuary, where not even the husband—above everybody, not the husband!—shall intrude. There are moments of absurdity in the toilet, such as those when a stout lady is in a short petticoat, or when a fuzzy-headed beauty is engaged in making her curls *secundum artem*, that should be kept behind a veil of mystery for the man who is expected to admire the result! "I have seen a woman tying up her scanty locks with a greasy piece of string so that they looked like a little tail or broom, and then complain of the admiration that her husband showed for the long and beautiful hair of others," says our authoress, quaintly. Then she boldly adds that this preaching of hers is at least as applicable to the lords of creation, who can even less than ourselves afford to lose the glamour with which a careful toilet surrounds them, and whose inconsiderateness of that solemn fact is "really culpable." She proceeds to give some really useful hints on every department of toilet affairs. Nothing is above or beneath Baroness Staffe's notice. She teaches us to cleanse sponges that have grown greasy by washing them in a pint of water with a teaspoonful of hydrochloric acid added, and then urges us to provide ourselves with wardrobes with three large looking-glass doors, the side ones opening reverse-ways, so that we can stand in the centre and see ourselves all round. She is ready with a prescription for a serious disease like eczema of the face, and another recipe for a trifling scratch on the hands. She instructs us on one page how to keep our precious gems, our diamonds, pearls, and opals, and then on the next page tells us how to use the tiny waste fragments of our toilet soap. In short, a large book is filled with advice and information, on the whole sensible and useful, though sometimes inadequate and even misleading.

Those immense premises known far and wide as "Peter Robinson's" are filled at present with a vast assortment of new goods. "Empire" modes predominate here as elsewhere in the best model mantles. There is one of brown silk with a thick rib in it, set on to a high bodice or yoke part, coming to just under the arms, of brown plush, and trimmed with a very handsome passementerie. One of Pingat's models is of seal-brown cloth and velvet mixed, the cloth introduced in the form of flat pieces like a breastplate and a corresponding fall at the back, both heavily incrustated with jewelled embroidery; the high collar and full sleeves are edged with feathers. There is another of shot black-and-gold velvet, made with an "Empire" yoke and full sleeves covered with jet embroidery, by which also a kind of Zouave shape at the back is formed. Then there is a large variety of the three-quarter circular capes, very full, and hanging loose from the neck or shoulders—a style which is decidedly the prevailing fashion at present, however clear the best models may make it that presently we are coming to "Empire" styles. Such a circular cape in velvet, made very full, and trimmed with jet trimming—perhaps simulating a yoke, covering the back of the high collar, and going twice round near the bottom of the mantle—is thoroughly stylish, and not wildly costly. Or narrow bands of fur may be substituted for the jet, and be more suitable for the colder weather. Another simple mantle which will be repeated many times, and yet, always being in good materials, will not become common, has four capes—a narrow collar cape of black plush, a shoulder-cape of black velvet, a third to the waist of plush again, and a fourth reaching nearly to the knees, of velvet, each of them edged narrowly with mink fur. Such capes, I perceive, are not made with high shoulders. The extreme width affords room for the full dress sleeve beneath, and the capes, being put on fully gathered, fall as may be required by the dress.

"Peter Robinson's" gowns are generally more ordinary than the mantles. One very stylish dress there is of pale-blue face cloth, with full sleeves and corselet of blue and gold brocade, a high belt of blue-toned heliotrope "Mirror" velvet, and immense Directoire revers covered with white lace. This sounds extraordinary, but it looks very smart. There is a run at present on what are called "epingle" materials—rows of little pin-head raised spots so closely dotted over the surface of the material beneath that the two together give a shot appearance. A dress of a violet and green epingle was made up with a shot velvet in a greeny-brown tone; the velvet formed a corselet, and edged a panel sloping from the foot far round to the back; the softer epingle material was folded over the figure to under the corselet.

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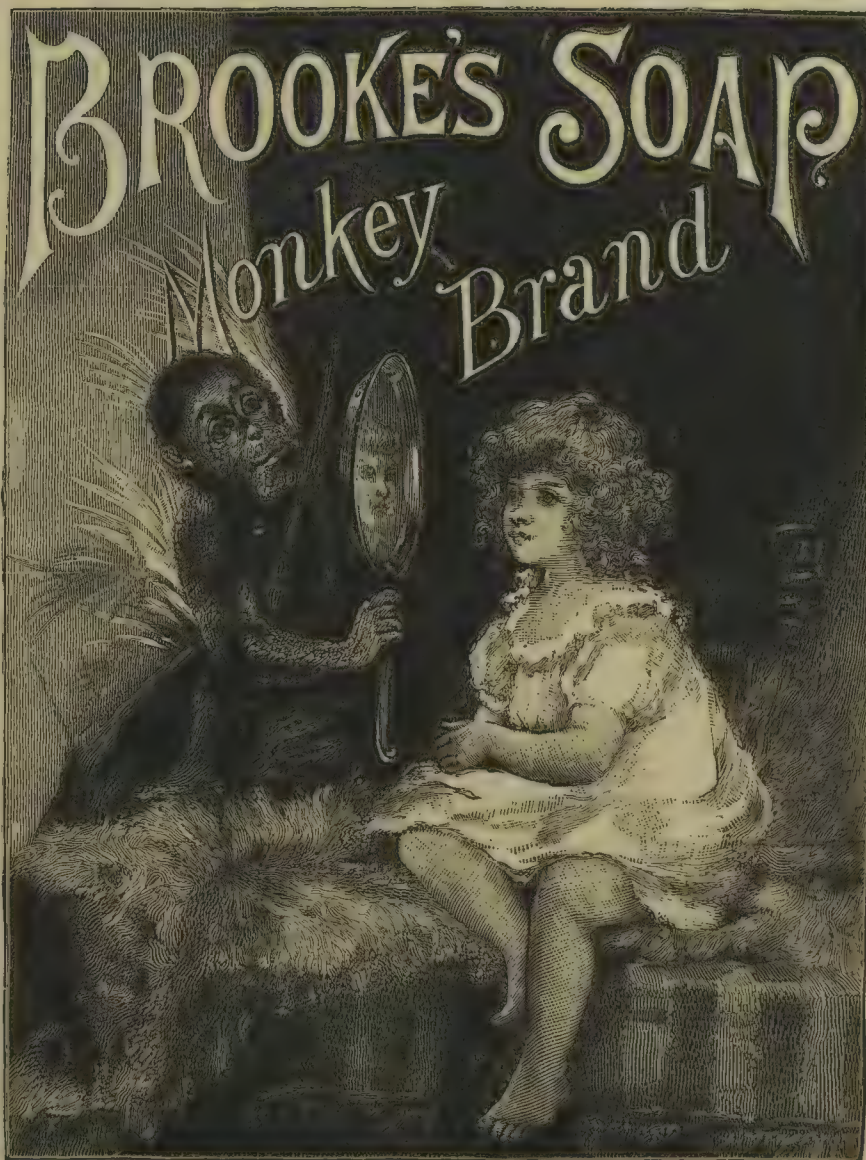
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

My friend Dr. B. W. Richardson thinks that I have forgotten his claims to be remembered in connection with the question of insanity produced by inhaling sulphuretted hydrogen gas. Readers of this column will remember that in July last I gave an account of two cases of this curious origin of insanity reported by Dr. Wrigglesworth, of the Rainhill Asylum, and commented on the singular fact that mind-disorder should be so produced. Dr. Richardson, it seems, made some original observations in this direction in 1870, and reported the same to the British Association for the Advancement of Science. I hasten to repair and atone for my neglect, which is explicable on the ground that I had overlooked Dr. Richardson's record. "Homer sometimes nods," and however eager one may be to keep not only abreast of the latest doings in science, or to bear in mind what has been done in the more remote past, it is morally certain he will miss, not one, but many things. So, as Dr. Richardson will well believe, my error, if error it be, was one of omission and not of commission. What was done by him in 1870 was this: Dr. Richardson had the idea of studying, and did study, the effects produced by certain substances from which elementary parts were withdrawn or introduced. He investigated the action of alcohol, and had specially noted the peculiarities of a body called *mercaptan* or *sulphur alcohol*, a fluid made by saturating an alcoholic solution of potash with sulphuretted hydrogen, and then adding ethyl iodide.

Dr. Richardson, bringing a patient under the influence of this substance, showed that very strange variations in the normal state of mind and body alike were induced. There was present a strong desire to sleep, and a dreamy, vaporious sensation, as if of impending disaster, succeeded by an extreme degree of muscular fatigue. The limbs seemed too heavy to be lifted, and the pulse slowed down. Such effects lasted for several hours, and, in fact, till the sulphur was eliminated from the body. There was another point noted in these researches, and a point, it seems to me, of some importance. When you employ ordinary narcotic and paralysing agents (say, tobacco, chloroform, chloral, and the like), the voluntary muscles are the first to lose their power, the heart becoming paralysed in a secondary sense, and the breathing muscles being also affected with the heart. In recovering from the action of such substances it is the voluntary muscles which first exhibit a return to the natural state, and then the involuntary ones; the heart being classed under the latter designation, of course. But when the sulphur compound above noted was employed, it was the voluntary muscles which were the last to succumb, that were the first to regain their tone.

There is thus a marked difference between the action of ordinary paralysing agents and mercaptan. Now, as sulphur compounds are readily built up by the animal body as part and parcel of its physiological duty, Dr. Richardson conceived it possible that in diseased states we might get serious mental effects produced by what we may call the body poisoning itself. This, also, is the text of a clever little book on "Ptomaines," by Dr. A. C. Farquharson, of the County Asylum, Lichfield, who has been working along similar lines to those pursued by Dr. Richardson, and who has shown in a very clear fashion indeed that certain cases of insanity can be cured by treatment directed to eliminate from the body the

injurious substances which, in ill-health, the body itself is liable to produce. This study is very absorbing in respect of the interest it creates, and sulphur compounds seem to stand out specially as the action-agents in producing the effects noted. Why this should be so, I do not suppose anybody can say, save to suggest that as sulphur is intimately connected with our bodily chemistry and composition it may play the part of a false friend to us when disease attacks us and converts it into a source of trouble to the nervous system.

What is this one hears about certain mystical hypnotic experiments of Dr. Luys, of the Charité Hospital, in Paris? Dr. Luys is known in this country as the author of a very able book on the functions of the brain, and is, besides, a notable figure among the neurologists of France, of whom Charcot himself is the chief. As I am certain to be questioned by some of my readers on the subject, I may as well anticipate their requests, and may refer now to the experiments in question. I have only seen a newspaper account of them, but it is to be presumed we shall be furnished in due course with references or details in the medical journals. Meanwhile, Dr. Luys has apparently entered upon a new field of observation in respect of what is called the "exteriorisation" of the human subject. I do not profess to explain what I confess I don't understand; only let us chronicle the events in question, and then wait (in the exercise of a healthy scepticism) for further light on the matter.

By "exteriorisation," I presume, is meant the transference of a person's sensibility to some external object—not necessarily another human object, but, it may be, a non-living thing altogether. Thus, in one experiment quoted, Dr. Luys, it is alleged, transferred a woman's sensibility—*mirabile dictu!*—to a tumbler of water. When the bewitched fluid was taken out of her sight, and a reporter touched the water, the woman started as if in pain. This is startling enough, but "more remains behind." The water was swallowed, and as to the question what became of the woman's "sensibility," it is asserted that she fell into a swoon, and this because the nervous influence on the water had not been "exhausted." In another experiment the sensibility was transferred to the negative of a photograph of the subject, when, wonderful to relate, the person showed not only signs of irritation, but the mark of any scratch made on the negative. A scratch on the hand in the photograph was followed by pain, and was duly reproduced on the hand of the person.

Now I am getting wary of newspaper paragraphs dealing with scientific discoveries, for the reason that the net is spread in vain in sight of any bird. I have been "taken in and done for" (in a literary sense) more than once, and I make this confession by way of explaining that meanwhile I simply refuse to credit these experiments until I get some authoritative account of them. Perhaps some readers of these lines may be able to forward to me any publication containing such an account—that is, if Dr. Luys has already published his results. As far as I can ascertain, no details have as yet appeared in any English journal, nor can I find any reference to the experiments in any French periodical I have of late perused. What one must feel in the way of difficulty here is his alleged tampering (to use a familiar term) with the very hazy, or at least subtle, thing we call "sensibility." I suppose by this is meant the general condition of the nervous system, through which we are placed in communication with the outer world, and what Dr. Luys is said to have experimented

upon is touch-sensibility in particular. This is a state, condition, or property peculiar to nervous tissue. Now, I ask, how can one conceive of its transference to an inorganic fluid like water? On what hypothesis can water be regarded as becoming sensitised, or charged with human nerve-force? This is what the whole matter amounts to. As for the swoon into which the woman fell when somebody drank the water before the "sensibility" was "exhausted," that is still more mysterious. Does the "sensibility" return to the subject, or what becomes of it? So also with the photograph, and why a negative one? But I wait for light. At present, I confess, in the matter of this wondrous "exteriorisation" (good word, that) I exist in Stygian darkness.

Four Irishmen at Balliva, in the county of Meath, have been committed to take their trial at the Assizes for the murderous assault, on Oct. 11, on Mr. Lilly, District Inspector of Police.

At the Cheshire Quarter Sessions, on Oct. 20, the men who were guilty of rioting at the strike of the Salt Union's labourers in September were bound over to keep the peace, and were then discharged, on their confession that they had done wrong.

The inquest on the death of Dr. W. P. Kirwan, who was found dead, apparently strangled, in a court in Whitecross Street, Borough, on the night of Oct. 12, has resulted in the committal of three men, Balch, Waller, and Noble, all stokers, for the crime of murder. Dr. Kirwan was robbed of a gold watch and chain.

A cenotaph monument in Durham Cathedral to the memory of the late Bishop Lightfoot was unveiled on Thursday, Oct. 20, by the Earl of Durham. The Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Durham, Newcastle, and Dover, the Lord Chancellor, the Marquis of Londonderry, and the Speaker of the House of Commons were present. The monument, of alabaster and dark grey marble, in the form of a tomb, supports a recumbent effigy of the late bishop, in white marble, the work of the late Sir Edgar Boehm and of Mr. Alfred Gilbert. The memorial is to include the restoration of the chapter house.

The Home Secretary, Mr. Asquith, on Wednesday, Oct. 19, received a deputation from the Metropolitan Radical Federation asking permission to hold a meeting in Trafalgar Square on Sunday, Nov. 13. He addressed them at considerable length on the question of holding meetings in that place, over which, he said, the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police has legally the same powers and the same duties as in any other public place or thoroughfare in London. Having referred to the disorders and outrages at the meeting in February 1886, and the order issued by Sir Charles Warren, Commissioner of Police, in November 1887, prohibiting such meetings there, he said the Government would now withdraw that order; and the First Commissioner of Works, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, having authority under the Statute of 1844, would make regulations for public meetings in Trafalgar Square in future. They would be allowed, on due notice, only on Saturday afternoons, Bank holidays, and Sundays. A meeting of ratepayers and inhabitants of the adjacent districts was held on Friday, Oct. 21, at the St. Martin's-in-the-Fields Townhall, which adopted resolutions protesting against meetings in Trafalgar Square as causing great inconvenience to traffic, loss of business, and disturbance to the neighbourhood. A memorial to this effect would be sent to Mr. Gladstone.

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MUSIC.

The second week of the opera season at Covent Garden yielded further proof of the fact that autumn performances at this house meet a legitimate public demand. Every night the spacious auditorium was more or less crowded, and the modern Druriolanean device of "sixpence extra for early doors," which at first was the cause of considerable heart-burning, was readily submitted to by the enthusiasts anxious to obtain the advantage of a front-row seat among the "gods." This system may have its objectionable features, but, to our thinking, it only needs to be widely advertised in order to make it as fair to all as to one. It means, in point of fact, keeping the price of the gallery down to a shilling, whilst charging eighteenpence for the privilege of avoiding a crush and obtaining a good seat. The advantages in question must have been thoroughly appreciated on the Saturday night, when the upper parts of the theatre were simply crammed for the representation of Bizet's ever-popular "Carmen." In this a welcome *rentrée* was made by Miss Zélie de Luslan, who is as great a favourite in London as she is in the provinces, and whose talents, moreover, the rôle of Carmen invariably displays in the most attractive light. We have never heard the young artist in better voice, or known her to portray with greater skill the various aspects of the wayward gipsy's character. The Don José of Mr. Durward Lely, the Escamillo of M. Dufriche, and the Michaela of Mlle. Sofia Ravogli touched their usual degrees of excellence. On Monday, Oct. 24, Verdi's "Rigoletto" was given for Madame Melba, for whom the part of Gilda has always had a special attraction. Her rendering of "Caro nome" was, as ever, a delightful piece of vocalisation. With M. Dufriche, who made a capital Rigoletto, Madame Melba scored a triumph in the third act, the concluding movement of the duet having to be repeated. The famous quartet of the last act was likewise encored. Mlle. Guercia was the Maddalena, Signor Cremonini sang artistically as the Duke, Signor Abramoff made an efficient Sparafucile, and Signor Bevnigiani conducted with his accustomed skill. Next night

Madame Nevada made her reappearance, after five years' absence, in "Il Barbiere," and scored a brilliant success.

Signor Lago brought his opening week to a conclusion with a fairly creditable performance of "Lohengrin." If we are obliged to qualify our praise it is because certain details of the work—especially as regards the orchestration—were not rendered with adequate correctness and care, the need for further rehearsal being at several points only too obvious. All the energy of Signor Arditi and the ability of a capital band could avail naught if parts were wrong and "cuts" were not properly indicated. Again, the blessing of a chorus capable of singing Wagner's music in tune was easily nullified by excess of lung-strain and lack of refinement, not to speak of blemishes of stage management that would have been avoided in a fourth-rate Continental opera house. The best features of the representation were the Elsa of Madame Albani and the Telramund of Signor Mario Ancona, a baritone of exceptional excellence, who made his *début* here a few nights before as Alfonso in "La Favorita." Neither the Ortrud of Mlle. Rita Elandi nor the King of Mr. Charles Manners was wholly satisfactory. On Tuesday, Oct. 25, the Olympic impresario gave a so-called "triple bill," consisting of Mozart's one-act opera "Der Schauspielerdirektor," a one-act romantic opera by Mr. Granville Bantock, called "Cædmar," and the coronation scene from "Ernani." The first two were novelties. Mozart's *jeu d'esprit*, given in Italian under the title of "L'Impresario," proved fairly amusing, and fulfilled its original purpose of affording opportunity for an agile light soprano (in this instance Mlle. Elena Leila) to display her high notes and vocal facility with good effect. The immortal Wolfgang and his sister-in-law, who are important personages in the comedy, were slightly caricatured, but Mr. Richard Temple was excellent as the tyrannical operatic manager. "Cædmar" might conveniently be described as a Wagnerian nightmare, happening to a young musician who has just been through his first course of "The Ring" and wound up with "Tristan." The story and music—the whole, effort in fact—are ludicrously reminiscent of the Bayreuth master in his least coherent moments. Mr. Bantock

has begun at the wrong end, that is all. He will work his way back to the beginning in due course, as other clever young composers have done before, only in the meantime he must not be surprised if we do not like "Cædmar."

The thirty-fifth season of the Popular Concerts began on Oct. 24. The director, Mr. Arthur Chappell, was able to provide a programme of tolerable interest, but with such favourites as Madame Néruda and Signor Piatti unavailable until the third or fourth week of the season, this must have been a matter of some difficulty. Not that there is any lack of good quartet-players: their number is, happily, on the increase every year, as the records of Princes' Hall and Steinway Hall plainly show. But the patrons of the "Pops" are what the French would call *difficiles*. Either a big name or a very old friend is needed to "move" them. Doubtless, therefore, Mr. Chappell thought himself fortunate to obtain so excellent a representative of the Joachim school as Señor Arbos to lead the quartet. Certainly the Spanish violinist proved himself eminently worthy of the trust reposed in him; and so, too, did Mr. W. E. Whitehouse, an English performer of tried ability, who has on previous occasions filled Signor Piatti's place at the concerts. These artists, in conjunction with Mr. Ries and Mr. Straus, gave a sound and intellectual rendering of Beethoven's quartet in E flat, Op. 74; while, with Mlle. Szumowska (the pianist of the evening), they equally distinguished themselves in Schumann's trio in D minor, Op. 63. The young lady just named was virtually acting as substitute for her renowned teacher, M. Paderewski, who, we are glad to learn, is making rapid strides towards recovery. Her reading of Beethoven's "Sonata Pastorale" was poetic and subdued and not wanting in individuality. For an encore Mlle. Szumowska played Chopin's valse in C sharp minor, which showed off her crisp, elastic touch to perfection. Miss Liza Lehmann, who had not been heard in public for many months, received quite an ovation on making her appearance on the platform. She sang an air by Grétry with characteristic grace and sentiment, but was heard to greater advantage in François Thomé's elegant song "Les Perles d'Or," after which, in response to repeated recalls, she sang another piece.

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Extract from Table No. 1.—Page 89.

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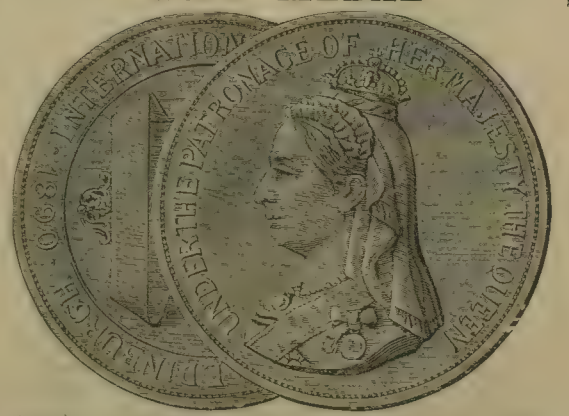
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 3, 1889) of Mr. Howard Thomas Caine, formerly of the Barrowfield Ironworks, Glasgow, and late of Dean Wood, Newbury, Berks, who died on July 29, was proved on Oct. 10 by Mrs. Florence Mary Caine, the widow, and William Sproston Caine, the brother, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £120,000. The testator gives £1000; and all his personal effects, wines, consumable stores, horses, carriages, and household furniture and plenishing to his wife; he also gives to her all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property in England, and all his property held on feu burgage or long lease in Scotland, except feu duties and ground rents; and there are legacies to his said brother, and to his sister and cousins. The residue of his real and personal property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for her use and for the maintenance, education, and upbringing of his children until his eldest attains twenty-five or the second marriage of his wife; on the happening of the first of these events he leaves £2000 per annum to his wife, and the ultimate residue equally to his children, whom failing to his nephews and nieces, the children of his brothers, William Sproston and Nathaniel, and of his sister, Adah.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Miss Mary Anne Jane Mount, late of The Chantry, Chichester, who died on Sept. 6, intestate, were granted on Oct. 8 to William George Mount, the brother, and one of the next-of-kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £82,000.

The will (dated Sept. 2, 1886) of his Eminence Cardinal Edward Henry Howard, who died on Sept. 16 at Brighton, was proved on Oct. 12 by Lieutenant-General Frederick Marshall, C.M.G., the acting executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £55,000. The testator bequeaths his library, wherever the same may be, free from legacy duty, to the English College at Rome; his silver-gilt episcopal case of chalices and other sacramental plate to Cardinal Manning for the purpose of ecclesiastical use in his diocese, and he desires him, but without imposing any trust, properly to

provide for their future use in his diocese; and £100 to the eldest son of each of his sisters, Charlotte Frances Lady Hartopp and Mrs. Catherine Arabella Biddulph. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one third, upon trust, for his sister Lady Hartopp, for life, then for her husband, for life, and then for all her children except the eldest son; one third, upon similar trusts, for his sister Mrs. Biddulph, her husband and children; and one third, upon trust, for her sister, Mrs. Adelaide Laura Marshall, for life, then for her husband, for life, and then for all her children.

The will (with five codicils) of Mr. Lawson Robinson, late of 66, St. George Street, wholesale grocer, and of Conaways, Ewell, Surrey, who died on Aug. 24, was proved on Oct. 14 by John Alexander, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to the London Hospital (White-chapel); £50 each to the Tower Hamlets Dispensary, the Hospital for Consumption (Victoria Park), the Children's Hospital (Shadwell), the Asylum for Idiots (Earlswood), the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, and the Hospital for Incurables (Putney); his household furniture and effects to his sisters Catherine Robinson and Harriott Campbell Robinson; £300 each to his said sisters; an annuity of £400 to his said sisters during their joint lives and the life of the survivor of them; £300 and an annuity of £250 to his sister Isabella Botting; an annuity of £100 to his brother-in-law, Stanford Botting; £3000 to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Rebecca Robinson; £1000 each to his nephews and niece, George Dawson Robinson, William John Robinson, and Elizabeth Robinson; and numerous legacies to relatives, persons in his employ, servants, and others. As to the residue of his property, he gives one third to the children of his late brother Ralph, one third to his brother James Sackett Robinson, and one third to pay thereout £500 to William Nichols, the husband of his late sister Elizabeth, and the remainder to her children.

The will (dated July 9, 1889) of Miss Frances Teresa Eyston, formerly of Hendred, Berks, and late of Boulogne-sur-Mer, who died on Aug. 8, was proved on Oct. 7 by George

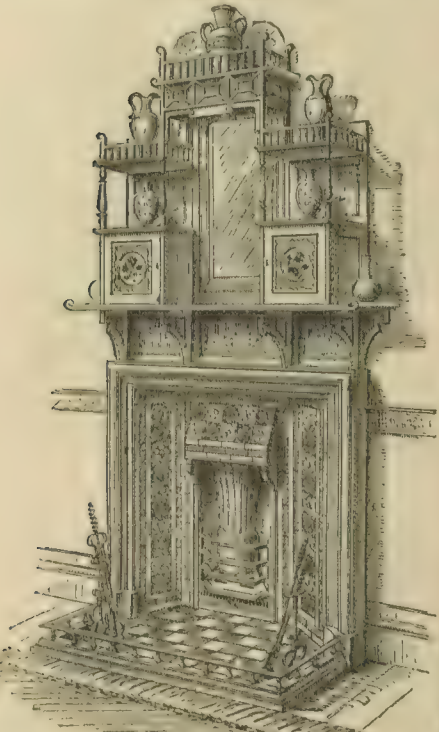
Basil Eyston, the brother, and Edward Robert Eyston and Charles Turberville Eyston, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £43,000. The testatrix bequeaths all her furniture, books, pictures, plate, china, jewellery, wearing apparel, and other chattels of a like nature to her niece, Josephine Gillow; £500 to be applied in charity as her executors may think proper; and the moneys at her bankers' to her sister, Catherine Teresa Eyston. As to the residue of her personal estate, she gives one fourth to her sister Mary Anne Gillow; one fourth to the children of her late brother Charles John; one fourth to the children of her late brother Robert Thomas; and one fourth to her said brother George Basil.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1883) of Miss Jane Benning, late of Uplands, Sidcup Hill, Kent, who died on Sept. 6, was proved on Oct. 4 by Miss Mary Benning and Miss Anne Benning, the sisters, the executrices, the value of the personal estate exceeding £40,000. The testatrix gives all her real and personal estate to her said two sisters, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

The will (dated May 12, 1891) of Mrs. Martha Dewhurst, wife of Mr. Henry Dewhurst, of Highfield, Eastbourne, who died on Aug. 12, was proved on Oct. 6 by Joseph Hyde Sparks, the brother, and Mrs. Esther Ann Clover, the sister, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £12,000. The testatrix bequeaths £50 to each of her executors; her single-stone diamond ring to her son Harold; a certain reversionary share of the estate of her late father, John Sparks, upon trust, for her son Reginald; and she appoints, under the will of her brother, John Sparks, certain trust funds, to all her children, except her son Reginald. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her seven children, in equal shares.

The will and two codicils of Mr. Charles Greville Prideaux, Q.C., Recorder of Bristol, late of Holland Lodge, Regent's Park, who died on June 18, were proved on Oct. 17 by Frederick Fox Cartwright and Noblett Ruddock Livett, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9985.

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"There is no doubt, I fancy, to whom the laurel would be given if the choice lay with the majority of the poets of our tongue and of critical judges of poetic taste. Their verdict would, I believe, give it to Algernon Swinburne. This on the score of his unparalleled lyrical gift, his talent for the quick making of heroic and supremely rhythmical odes, and the intense English feeling which underlies his work—whether it has expressed the Radicalism of his earlier life or the alleged Toryism of later outgivings. But it is not unlikely that Philistinism will bear against him and against the sentiment of the literary world.
"William Morris is possibly the second in rank among living British poets. But as a Socialist and reformer he might be debarred; in fact, might not care to be Laureate under the existing British system. Besides, despite his taste and learning,

and his affluence as a recounter of tales which make him a kind of modern Chaucer, he has not often sounded the lyric note which seems essential to a national celebrant.
"It would be invidious to mention the names of one or two who are said to have the favour of those high in influence, and of whom neither, certainly, would make the laurel any greener than it has come from the brows of Wordsworth and Tennyson.
"Recently an English author wrote to me that he thought it would be a fitting thing for an English Queen, for the third time having the appointment of a Laureate, to give the wreath to a woman. He added that Christina Rossetti, in such case, should be the one to receive it.
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In a woollen mill near Dewsbury, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on Oct. 20, a lift conveying workpeople to an upper floor broke down, by which three women and one man were killed and several others greatly injured.
Mr. Wallace Wells, one of the professors at the Guildhall School of Music, has been the recipient of a handsome silver epergne, manufactured by Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of 66, Cheapside, E.C., together with an illuminated address, which have been subscribed for by the students of his class as a token of their esteem and regard. The presentation was made on behalf of the students by Sir Joseph Barnby.

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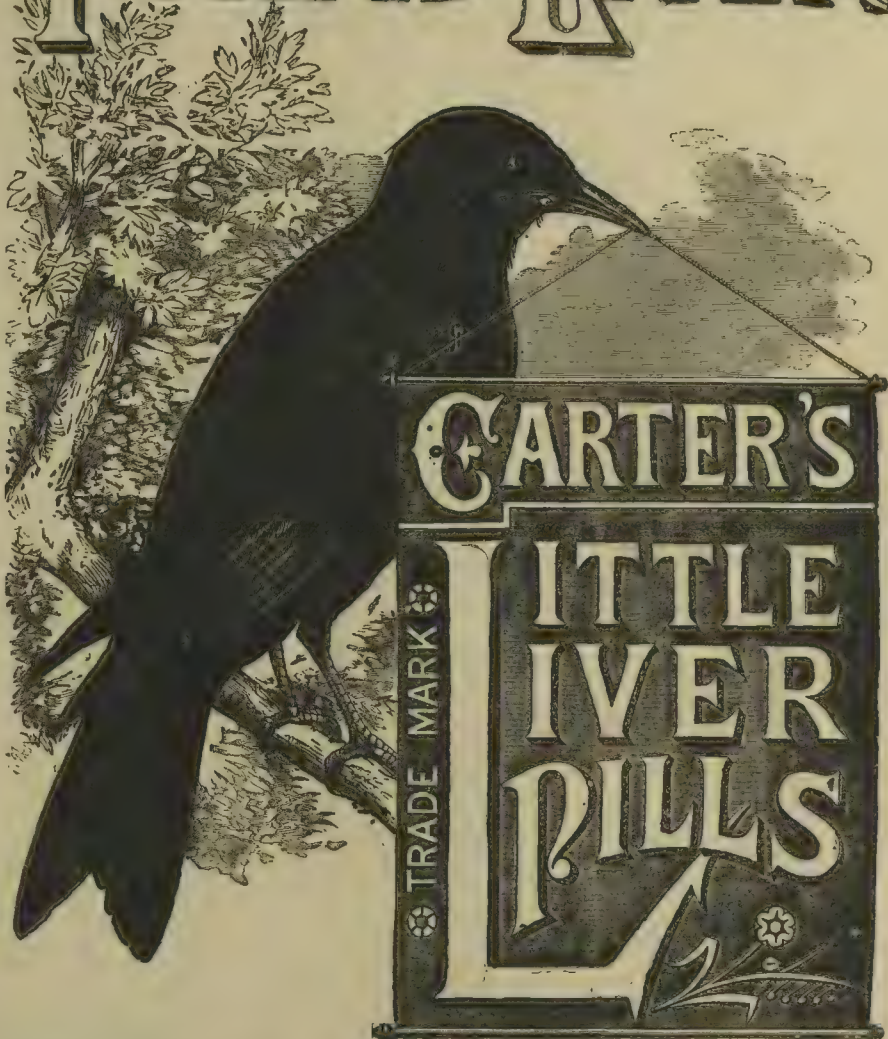
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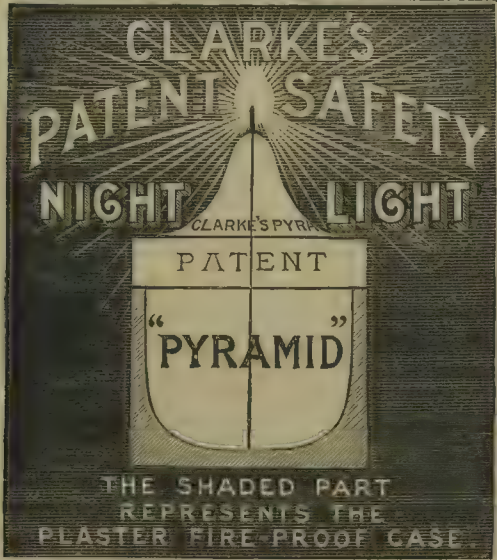
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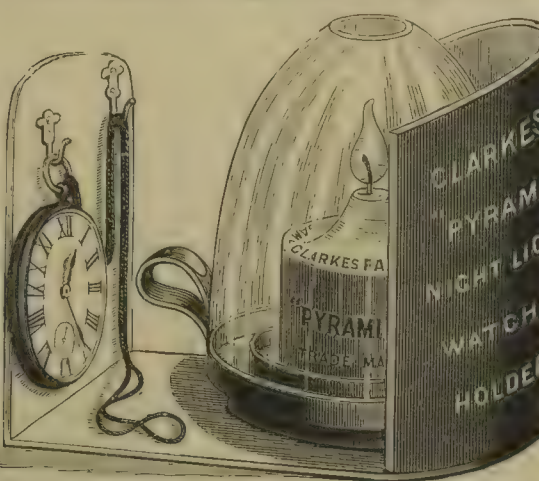
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SPEARMAN, PLYMOUTH

to be no direct evidence to show that he did any work at all for the house which is supposed to hold his masterpiece. Watson's name occurs frequently in the bills, and his epitaph in Heanor Churchyard speaks of his "wondrous works at Chatsworth Hall."

Beautiful ornament was not dear in those days. Here is an extract from a bill paid by the Duke—

Four shells for ye crowns of fower neeches, at 14s. a peece.
Eight scrolls, 3 feet long by 1 foot, at 14s. each.
Fower festoons, between the scrolls, 3 ft. 6 in. long, 15s. each.
The ornaments round the oval windows in the north front, 4 ft. 5 in. high,
6 ft. 8 in. long, 50s. a peece.
All the mouldings in the intabulation of the north front, 8s. a foot.

Samuel Watson did not carve in wood alone. The Cavendish arms on the pediment in the centre of the western front are his work. They, and the sculptured frieze, stand above a beautiful range of Ionic pillars which surrounds the house. The roof is flat, with a graceful open balustrade, on which are statues and urns. Along the whole of the west front there runs a broad terrace, reached by a flight of steps impressive in its spacious stateliness.

The fact that Chatsworth is not, for its size, especially rich in legends may, perhaps, excuse one for quoting a quaint little tradition that has come down to us about a certain figure in one of these ceiling-decorations, which represents an Assembly of the Gods. The story says that an ill-tempered housekeeper, one Mrs. Hackett, was raging at the artist as he tood quietly painting his gods, and that, by way of repartee, he

house is its carved wood. The best of this Walpole attributes to Grinling Gibbons: though, as has been said, without proving his case. The popular theory seems to be that Gibbons was generally responsible for the wood-work, and did some of it himself. In any case, it was done by a man as good as Gibbons, if not better—for a certain lace cravat (of wood) is called by many critics his masterpiece. Others prefer even to this a wonderful net of game, whose birds look almost alive as they hang by the wall; and Walpole's favourite would seem to have been the quill-pen over the door of the ante-chamber, "not distinguishable from real feather."

If Gibbons was really employed here, there is a good deal of foreign work in the place. Verrio and Laguerre were the chief decorators, and a great part of the statuary in and outside the house was carved by Gabriel Cibber, a Holsteiner; and Gibbons himself, in spite of his homelike name, was a Dutchman, who, like many others of his time, won promotion in England. (He became Master Carver in Wood to George I., at the munificent salary of eighteenpence a day.)

On this storey of the State Apartments, but on the other side of the quadrangle, are the private rooms. The middle or library storey occupies four sides of the square and the north wing. On the south and west sides is the gallery of paintings.

There are two south galleries, the lower of which, leading to the chapel, contains, for the most part, cabinet pictures. The chapel itself, whose woodwork is almost all of cedar, holds some of the best work of Cibber, of Verrio, and of Gibbons (or

prayer-book given by Henry VII. to his daughter, and (yet more to be celebrated) the Anglo-Saxon manuscript of Caedmon; but the most precious possessions of the room are the manuscripts and apparatus of the great chraist Henry Cavendish, grandson of the second Duke. The Hon. Henry Cavendish was one of the foremost men of science of his time, and he did work which no succeeding age can forget. Perhaps no other man of such wealth and rank has ever so entirely devoted his lifetime to the study of philosophy. In another sense, however, one may say that he had ample reason to be philosophical, for he was a bachelor, and left perhaps the largest sum of money ever owned, in funded property, by one man—not far short of a million and a quarter. It was said of him that he "probably uttered fewer words in the course of his life than any man who ever lived to fourscore years, not excepting the monks of La Trappe."

One of the chief glories of Chatsworth is its noble collection of sculptures; and even the briefest chronicle cannot leave without a word some three or four of the masterworks of Canova and Thorwaldsen—both, by-the-way, personal friends of the famous Duchess of Devonshire. Canova's Mother of Napoleon is full of character, yet full of ease and full of grace; and his Endymion asleep, with the wakeful dog alert by his master's feet, is an exquisite thing. One of the greatest, though not one of the largest, of all the master's works is his "Laura"—who is also Petrarch's Laura, and has a strange pathos in her noble beauty. The delightful and simple genius



CHATSWORTH, FROM THE PARK.

merely put her into the picture as a Fury cutting the thread of life. So there is Mrs. Hackett—probably very justly—a by-word for all time.

Leaving the Great Hall, one mounts a magnificent staircase, which I cannot but notice; it has a double flight of stairs, of rock amethyst and variegated alabaster, and a very fine gilded balustrade. Another splendid staircase in the house, of oak and richly gilt, is the Great Northern Staircase, and there is a Southern Staircase, rich in paintings and classic statuary; but before one passes away entirely from the Hall one must glance back at a rather touching inscription above its fireplace. The death alluded to in its last line is that of the Countess of Burlington, wife of the late Duke—

*Aides has paternas dilectissimas
Anno libertatis Anglica MDCLXXXVIII. institutas,
Gyl. S. Devonic Dux Anno MDCCXI. Hæris accepit
Anno mororis sui MDCCCL. perfecit.*

Up the south staircase you pass, beneath the stony eyes of Minerva, Apollo, Lucretia, to the great suite of state apartments, which extends from end to end of the building. Here are ceilings gay with the imaginings of Verrio, floors of mosaic-work—for the most part of oak—walls lined with rare woods and hung with the cartoons of Raffaele, translated into Gobelin's tapestry, and other walls richly covered with embossed leather and gold.

In these rooms are many of the finest pictures of Chatsworth, as well as a collection of rarities, curiosities, mementoes of many people and many ages, very interesting to examine but a little dry to catalogue.

Perhaps the most fascinating "sight" of the great

Watson). The altar-piece, which has for its subject the Incredulity of St. Thomas, is thought by many critics to be Verrio's masterpiece—though it is said that Laguerre helped him in its painting.

The second of the two galleries—the upper gallery, on the south and part of the west side of the top storey—is to many people by far the most interesting of all the interesting things at Chatsworth. It contains a very large and altogether invaluable collection of sketches by the greatest masters—Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Leonardo da Vinci, Dürer, Holbein, and very many others. There are more than a thousand of these priceless drawings and sketches, material for the study of a lifetime.

Passing by the fine pictures of the billiard-room—which do not deserve to be passed by—let us make our way through the grand drawing-room suite, with its historical portraits, and rich ceilings, and noble rooms. There is much beautiful marble and other stone in the columns and pediments and plinths of Chatsworth: Derbyshire marble—black and "rosewood"—African marble, Siberian jasper, hornblende and calcareous spar, and other stone deep and varied in colour.

The ante-library, which owns a little ante-room of its own, has two fine vases of a rare marble called "Occhio di Pavone"; it has, moreover, Charles Landseer's "Night and Morning." The library itself is a noble room, some thirty yards long, with a richly carved gallery running round three sides of it, and a ceiling against whose white ground gleam the colour of five round paintings by Louis Charon and the gold of their burnished setting. Here are many books and manuscripts of great value—the "Liber Veritatis" of Claude Lorraine, a

of Thorwaldsen—a true Dane, both in his delightfulness and his simplicity—finds, perhaps, its highest expression in the face and figure of the *Venus Genetrix*.

Almost all the rooms of Chatsworth are continuous, forming suites which run the entire length of the building, and then turn the corner. One ranges through halls, saloons, chambers, and galleries, as long almost as the infinite corridors of an opium-dream. Thus you may pass along into the Sculpture Gallery, and through it into the Orangery—immense and ever-delightful, brilliant all the year round with the snowy blossom or the golden fruit of orange-trees from Malmaison—and thence into the tapestried and painted ball-room. Above this room is a temple, whence is one of the finest views of the park below and the steep heights above.

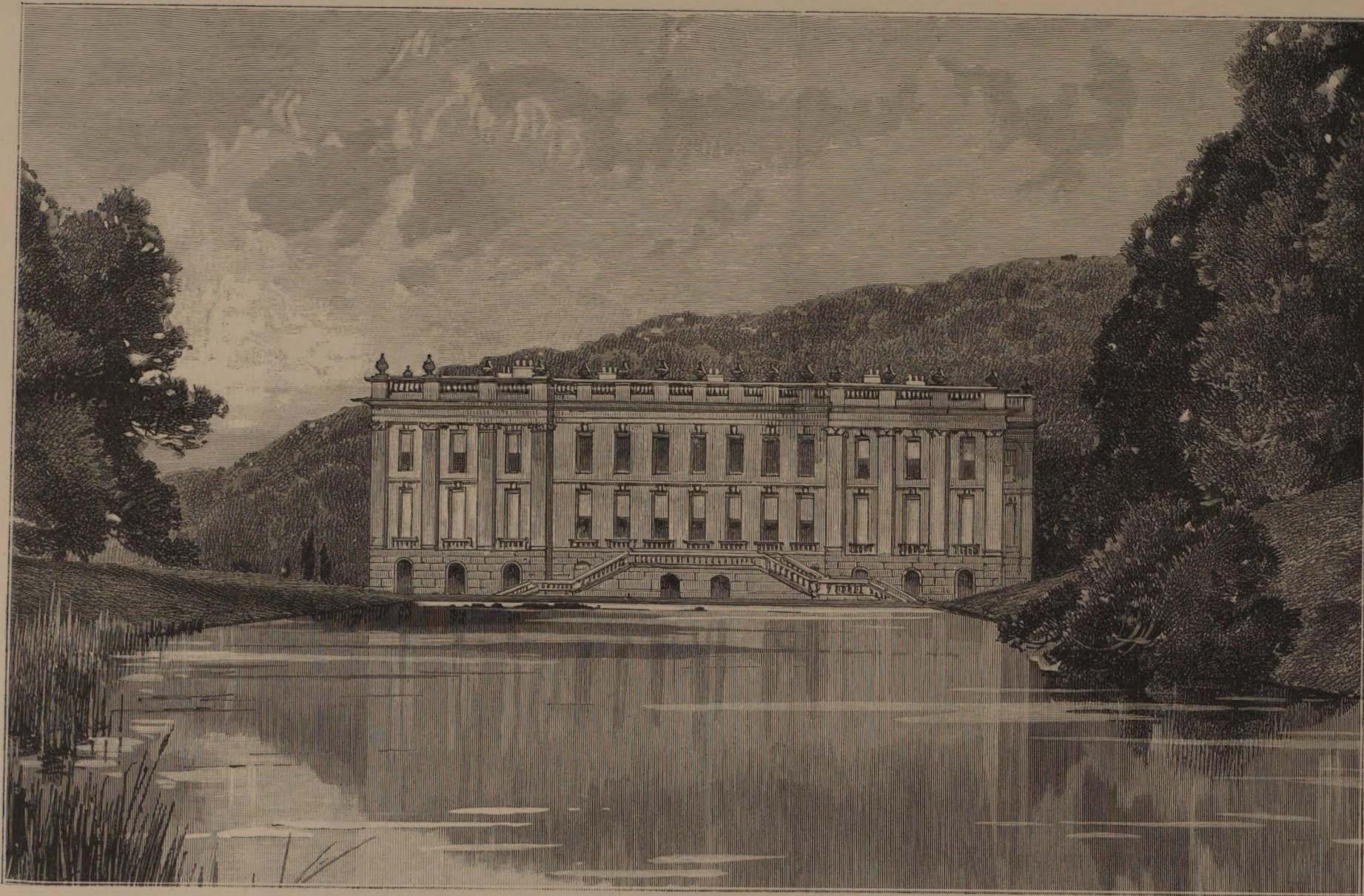
A few general facts about the house may give some idea of its immensity better than much writing; for, to quote again the poet Cotton—

Here I may not dare to go about
To give account of everything throughout.
The lofty hall, staircases, galleries,
Lodgings, apartments, closets, offices,
And rooms of state; for should I undertake
To show what 'tis doth them so glorious make,
The pictures, sculptur's, carving, graving, gilding,
'Twould be as long in writing as in building.

Here is a list, made when the North Wing was yet nearly new, of the offices it contains—in addition to the rooms for visitors, to which the greater part of it is given up. On one side of the great passage are the "cockles for warm air," the sculleries, plate-room, under and upper butlers' pantry, "confectionary," housemaids' room, and other offices; and on the opposite



CHATSWORTH, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.



CHATSWORTH: SIDE VIEW OF HOUSE FROM GROUNDS.

side—still, of course, on the same floor—are the room for the groom of the chambers, the still-room, servants' hall, servants' rooms, kitchen, kitchen court, laundry, drying-room, dairy, washhouse, bakehouse, scullery, larder, butcher's lobby, clerk of the works' room, and, again, other offices. It is, perhaps, of some interest to note that the basement rooms are all of rubbed ashlar stone from the Duke's quarries at Beeley Moor.

There are some wonders which have their day, and become magnificent but familiar: it would hardly be decent to refrain from quoting, in this connection, our old friends the steam-engine and the electric telegraph. In our day so many millions of buns have been eaten, by two generations of Foresters, in the Crystal Palace, that a house of glass, however gigantic, ceases to be a surprise; we make scarcely more fuss over Sir Joseph Paxton than has been made for the last two or three thousand years over that unparalleled mechanical genius, the man who invented the wheelbarrow. Yet, as a fact, the conservatory at Chatsworth is not only superb, it is original. From this apex of land, covered with high walls and arching roof of glass, its inventor developed the "Hyde Park Palace of Industry," the Great Exhibition of 1851—since translated to the firmament of Sydenham, whence on a sunny day it glitters, a constellation to be seen across the smoke of London by all dwellers upon the neighbouring heights.

This giant conservatory is almost a hundred yards long; it is more than thirty yards wide; the central transept is sixty-seven feet in height, and its span is seventy feet. A carriage drive passes up the centre of the conservatory, between "tall palms, such as give vigour to the swamps of South America: plantain: and bananas from China, the East Indies, and Mauritius, with tall aerial stems and long flat green leaves; dragon's-blood trees, the papyrus of the Nile, bamboos, and the useful india-rubber tree, with a myriad of others conveying the mind to the burning tropics." So said a guide-book a good many years ago: and the description still gives an idea of this palace of greenery, so much more vivid than any ideas which guide-books are wont to convey that it is but grateful to quote it.

The conservatory, with the delightful gallery whence one can look down into it, was the work of the famous Sir Joseph Paxton; and the rank that it gives him among the makers of Chatsworth is not the least part of his fame. But Chatsworth has had many makers, men and women; of which women two pictures yet hanging in the house—designedly left unmentioned until now—remind us, directly and indirectly.

Indirectly, a view of the former house at Chatsworth brings to one's mind its builder, Bess of Hardwick, who rivalled her royal mistress, the Virgin Bess, in vigour if not in celibacy. The old house was begun by Bess's second husband—the Sir William Cavendish who died in 1556—and finished by his widow. It was a four-square building, turreted; very large, but much smaller than the present house. It stood on exactly the same site; the before-quoted poem tells us that—

The fabrick's noble front faces the West,
Turning her fair broad shoulders to the East;
On the South side the stately gardens lye
Where the scorn'd Peak rivals proud Italy.
And on the North seven inferior plots
For servile use, scattered do lie, in spots.

The outward gate (the poet goes on to say) leads into a spacious court, whence the noble front of the whole edifice opens to the view "in a surprising height." There is "a neat square turret" at each corner, and—

On each side plates of ever-springing green
With an ascending pavier-walk between.

In the right hand plat is a high fountain of strange structure,

upon whose slender top is placed a "vast—I'd almost said prodigious bason."

In this house Mary Stuart was long a prisoner. The rooms in which she lived left her name to their successors on the same site in the new house, built, of course, a century after her death; and her bedhangings and tapestry kept for their room of abode the title of Mary Queen of Scots' Bed-Room. Not far to the north of the bridge across the Derwent, there stands a tower in a little moat—secluded and melancholy, perhaps, among the trees, but pleasant with the old quiet colours of grey wall, green woodland and blue sky, and the dark glimmering water; and this is still called the Bower of Mary Queen of Scots. Here, as the story goes, Mary was wont to look out, from a little platform at the top, upon the mountain-walls of her prison—then, of course, one of the wildest and most inaccessible parts of the country.



IN THE PRIVATE GARDENS.

There is, one may note, another tower in the park, very likely of the same age as the old house of Chatsworth, which has far merrier memories. This is the Hunting Tower, square and solid, with four high round turrets; it stands on a steep and woody hill, and from its top the ladies of the house used to watch the hunt.

Mary Stuart's guardian at Chatsworth was the Earl of Shrewsbury, Bess of Hardwick's fourth and last husband; and it was rumoured that the charms of his fair prisoner were one great cause of George Talbot's differences with and practical separation from his wife. Whatever was the cause, however, he was hardly to be pitied for the result—if we may trust the historians, who have not been kind to the energetic dame of Hardwick. Lodge does but resume the general opinion in his verdict: "She was a woman of masculine understanding and conduct, proud, furious, selfish, and unfeeling. She was a builder, a buyer and seller of estates, a money-lender, a farmer, a merchant of lead, coals, and timber. . . . She died immensely rich, and without a friend." A terrible epitaph, but seemingly a true one. The Bishop of Lichfield, trying to bring about a reconciliation between husband and wife, admits, in his letter to the Earl, that "she is a sharpe and bittershewe": and the husband's own words are "My wife, so bad and wicked a woman."

Yet, for all one knows, precisely the same might have been said of her royal mistress; and the force and capability of the woman must have been immense. She was the heiress of the Hardwicks of Hardwick, was married at fourteen to Robert Barley of Barley, and was a widow at fifteen. Her next husband, and the only one by whom she had children, was Sir William Cavendish; she was his third wife, but, as his six children by the former marriages were all daughters, her sons became the heirs of the Cavendish estates—and more. For she, or her guardians, had obtained from her first husband the devise of all his property; she stipulated with her third husband, Sir William St. Loe, that in default of children by their marriage his estates should go to her—thus excluding his own older children; and she made it a condition of her marriage with Lord Shrewsbury that her eldest son should marry his daughter, and her daughter should marry his son!

She built Chatsworth, Oldcote, and the fine hall of Hardwick—one of the few Elizabethan houses still intact, walls and furniture and all. Legend gives for this rage for housemaking the quaint reason that she had been told by a fortune-teller that "she would never die so long as she was building"; and of course legend takes care to fulfil the prophecy by making her die during a hard frost, when the builders could not work.

The other picture left unmentioned brings before us the face of a mistress of Chatsworth very different from Bess of Hardwick: that Duchess of Devonshire whom a butcher made immortal by a kiss. One has a very pleasant impression of this sweet and gracious lady, a lover of art and of literature, herself a poet praised by Coleridge in the verses beginning with the infinitely Coleridgean couplet—

O lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Whence learn'd you that heroic measure?

And as a politician—even in these much-daring days have we lady-politicians like unto her? That legendary butcher—a Tory, "blue" as his smock, who voted for Fox for a famous bribe from her lips—was far from being the worst of the Westminster voters whom she canvassed, and (it is said) at so high cost converted. She forced her way into the most unmentionable places, and brought five minutes of politics and propriety into dwellings where such matters were unheard of. But she was a brave woman: she had even the courage to attack the fashion, and fought gloriously against the big hooped petticoats of her time.